THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878. $3.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 12.

THE FOUR GATES.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Four gates there are that open into heaven;
The first of deep-hued amethyst, fold on fold:
The second jacinth is: the third of pearl:
The fourth of inwrought work of jewelled gold.

The amethyst gate they only enter in
In whom both "faith and charity" abound;
"Good works" the jacinth; "pure of heart" the pearl;
The fourth, they who've been tried, nor wanting found.

Weary of earth, heartsore and faint, there came
A pilgrim spirit to the purple gate:
Its violet folds were closed, and opened not
To give one glimpse of heaven's glorious state.

On to the jacinth gate the traveler went:
Its amber crystal rose like wall of glass,
Nor open swung at her imploring cry,
Within to let the weary wanderer pass.

The gate of pearl with prism-glowing tints,
Feebly she next with faltering hands essayed;
A message came: "Pass to the golden gate!
Our King awaits thee there. Be not afraid!"

Emboldened thus, the woman hastened on:
The gate flew open; throngs on either side
Welcomed with amaranth wreaths and sound of harps
As forth to meet her came "The Crucified."

Within the jewelled gate the pilgrim passed,
Led by her Lord, transfigured like to Him,
While wave on wave of music flowed through heaven
From chanting winged hosts of seraphim.

Amazed, the earth-born to her Savior said:
"What wrought I, Lord, for thy dear name on earth,
That thou should'st meet me at the gate of gold—
Accused, reviled, my good name robbed of worth?"

"Living for others, thou hast lived for me;
Conquering thyself, the conqueror's crown is given;
Faithful in all committed to thy care,
Hath brought thee through the golden gate to heaven."

And now, no longer weary nor heartsore,
This pilgrim spirit works for mortals still;
No longer fettered by earth's fears and cares,
But free as angels are to do God's will.

Now to the wayworn on this planet left,
On viewless pinions borne, she comes and goes;
The, know not whence the calm sustaining strength
That to them oftimes like a river flows!

Ah, messengers there are from heaven to earth,
In these our days, as in the days of old;
And those sent back to strengthen and console
Are they who enter by the gate of gold!

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH-FLAG.

Darker and darker grew the twilight of the summer night. The glow of the sunset had faded in the northwest, giving place to the color that has been likened to opal, but still no summons arrived for Miss Pomeroy; either in the shape of carriage or servants.

At the open window of the large drawing-room of the White House, Joan sat, wondering much that no one came for her, and anxious to be gone. She had come forth to the day's visit as a matter of duty, rather than pleasure, and it had not proved agreeable to her; the instinctive dislike to Mrs. Wylde and her daughter made itself rather obtrusively felt; for, shocked and angry though Joan herself was at the matter connected with the keeper's daughter, she did not like or approve of the contemptuous tone assumed by Mrs. Wylde. Condemnation may be given without scorn. Altogether her day's pleasure had been utterly spoilt, though Joan suffered not that fact to appear. Silent and preoccupied, her entertainers had thought her, and extremely absurd in regard to that Sybilla Gaunt.

"Ten o'clock!" exclaimed Joan, starting up as the hour struck out from the gilt clock on the mantelpiece. "*Indeed* I must go. You will allow one of your servants to see me home, Mrs. Wylde."

"Only ten, my dear; *only* ten o'clock. It is very early yet."

"I cannot *imagine* why I have not been sent for."

"But I can, my dear Miss Pomeroy. The lord has a gentleman's dinner party this evening, as you know; rely upon it, your brother Guy intends to come for you himself; he only waits to get rid of his guests, and be at liberty."

So spoke, so thought Mrs. Wylde. She knew nothing of the dismissal given to Guy Pomeroy by her daughter the day before. Alice was silent and spiritless; she could not this evening steal out to meet Rupert.

So Joan, at the entreaty of Mrs. Wylde, consented to sit yet a little longer. In truth, she thought the reason assigned by that lady was probably the correct one, and that Guy would arrive shortly.

Not a breath of air could be felt, though the windows were flung up to their utmost height; not as much as a flutter disturbed the wax lights. It was a very handsome drawing room, all gilding and mirrors, and beautiful modern objects; quite a contrast to the staid, sombre rooms at Pomeroy.

"All nouveaux riches, like themselves," thought Joan, with scant flattery.

A loud peal was heard at the hall door. It proved to be old Jerome. He brought bad news. The ladies, in their anxiety, had him into the drawing room to listen to it.

The Lord of Pomeroy had been taken ill at the dinner table. But he had sat out the repast bravely; allowing nothing of his indisposition to be seen. At nine o'clock he made an apology for retiring, putting it upon the score of fatigue, leaving his eldest son to supply his place. Since then he had become rapidly worse.

"Why did not Mr. Rupert come for me?" demanded Miss Pomeroy of old Jerome. "He might know that I should naturally wish to be with papa."

"Mr. Rupert does not yet know the lord is ill, Miss Joan," was the man's answer. "He went out with the gentlemen when they left. Mr. Pomeroy was going out also, but I whispered him to stay behind—and then I told him. He is with the lord now."

"Anyway, Jerome, I ought to have been sent for at once."

"Miss Joan, I believe you were forgotten; it's as true as that I am here," added Jerome in his earnestness. "One was running for Mr. Norris, one for Father Andrew, and the house was all in confusion. Mrs. Rex suddenly thought of you, and asked if anyone had been sent to attend Miss Pomeroy home. So I came myself."

"Yes, yes, quite right," murmured Joan. And she departed with Jerome.

In passing the short and shady turning that led to the gamekeeper's lodge, Miss Pomeroy's eyes naturally turned in that direction. Just at the same moment some one came up this same turning with a fleet step; from the height and figure Joan knew it to be one of her brothers, either Guy or Rupert. It proved to be the latter.

"Why, Joan!—out on foot with the night-birds!" cried he, in his ever-gay tones.

"Yes; out with the owls and the bats," she answered. "Very polite of you, I must say, to leave me at the White House until now! You might have come for me, Rupert."

"So I might. So I would, had I known. I should have thought you were at home ages ago."

"Were you coming from Gaunt's, Rupert?"

"Not I. I had been round to Bardel's."

Bardel was the junior keeper, under Whittaker. Joan, who had taken her brother's offered arm, paused in reflection. She much wanted to speak to Rupert of what was troubling her; yet hardly liked to. But Joan Pomeroy, straightforward to the last degree, never beat long about the bush; if she wished to say a thing, she generally said it.

"Rupert," she began, choosing her words rather lamely, "have you heard of—of—do you know of this dreadful—dreadful misfortune, which has overtaken Sybilla Gaunt?"

"Dreadful misfortune!" repeated Rupert.

"Or—perhaps I should rather say—that she has brought upon herself?"

"Why, what has she gone and done?" cried Rupert lightly. "Eaten chicken on fast day?"

"Rupert! Do you often see Sybilla?" continued Joan. "Have you seen her lately?"

"I saw her to-day."

"Well, then, does—does anything—*peculiar*—strike you in her appearance?"

"Not that I remember."

"Then, Rupert, you must be very unobservant—and—and I think you are only laughing at me."

"I'm sure I don't know what you are driving at, Joan. What is there in Sybilla's appearance to strike me? She talks of the heat."

Joan considered. Young men were naturally unobservant; perhaps Rupert was so.

"I—I am afraid Sybilla has—forgotten herself, Rupert," she resumed in a low, sad tone. "It will kill her father—and I should think herself too."

"Forgotten herself!—What on earth do you mean?"

"Well!—she—she looks very sickly, and there must be a cause for it."

"Poor girl, perhaps there is! She may have gone and swallowed the copper teakettle."

"I knew you would only turn what I said into ridicule; you always do," cried Joan, vexed and humbled. "All I wished to ask you, Rupert, was, if you know whether any stranger has been intimate at Gaunt's of late."

"Let's see," said Rupert, making a show of putting on his considering cap. "I run in at will, the son-and-heir more charily. Father Andrew goes in; and I am not sure but that the lord goes."

"I said any *stranger*," repeated Joan emphatically.

"I have not seen one. Joan, my dear, let me give you a piece of advice—don't rub your head against a stone wall. As to Sybilla, I do not consider that it is any business of yours or of mine to pry and peer into her affairs. Gaunt is quite capable of seeing to his own daughter."

Joan, feeling very much dissatisfied with Rupert's manner, she hardly knew why, dropped the subject, and told him of their father's illness. Not that Joan felt particularly anxious herself; for the lord was subject to these sudden attacks of sickness.

"I thought he was uneasy at the dinner-table," remarked Rupert. "Jerome," he called out, turning to wait for the laggard steps of the servant, "is it the gout again?"

"Yes, Mr. Rupert. And a bad attack I know it will be."

"So you always say, Jerome."

"Well, sir, we shall see. I fear it will be."

"It may do good, instead of harm," observed Rupert to his sister, while Jerome fell behind again. "I sincerely hope it will. The gout has been hanging about him ever since the spring. A sharp bout now may carry him away."

"Alice Wylde will marry Guy," whispered Joan to her brother, as they were approaching the abbey gates.

Rupert whistled to a little dog that ran out of the quadrangle, not replying immediately. "You think so, do you Joan?"

"And you evidently do not, by your tone," she rejoined.

"Nay, I don't pretend to understand the business of all the world as you do. Am not clever enough for it."

"Don't be silly, Rupert. I judge only by probabilities; what I see and hear. Mrs. Wylde was hinting at different items in her own affairs to-day; though why she should have done so before me, I cannot tell, and it rather struck me she was *talking at* Alice. Did you know that if Alice marries without her mother's consent, she forfeits her twenty-five thousand pounds?"

"Yes, if she marries before she is four-and-twenty years of age. After that, there is no restriction upon her."

"Well, I did not know it till to-day. She does forfeit it however, and Mrs. Wylde, should Alice be disobedient, can will the money away to whom she pleases. Mrs. Wylde is bent upon her marrying Guy; you can't mistake that; and no girl in her senses would forfeit so large a fortune. Therefore I judge that Alice will take Guy."

"She may not like Guy. She may prefer to wait."

"I think not. And why should she not marry Guy? What an exalted position it would be for her!"

"Next door to being up in the moon."

"Joke as you may, Rupert, I believe you will find I am right. That Alice is looking forward to it she let slip to-day. We had been talking about the abbey—it seems to be Mrs. Wylde's favorite theme—of its vastness, its gloom, and its need of restoration. 'I shall have it so renovated that you'll not know it for the same place,' Alice suddenly cried, waking up out of a reverie. 'I shall make it the admiration of the whole county.' And when she saw us look at her, she recollected herself, blushed, and laughed. 'I mean,' she added, by way of correction or excuse, 'that I should do it were I the Lady of Pomeroy.' Rely upon it, Rupert, she means to be Lady of Pomeroy."

Rupert had resumed his whistling—to himself this time and very softly, smiling much. Joan inquired why he laughed.

"To think of the changes that must take place ere she could be Lady of Pomeroy. The deaths, for instance."

"Only papa's Rupert, Guy will be the lord then."

"True. Yes."

Lights gleamed from several of the front casements; people seemed to be passing from room to room. Jerome, full of apprehension, felt sure the lord was worse—and said so. Rupert rebuked him.

"You are ever ready to anticipate evil, Jerome."

"Well, sir, I *fear* this illness; and that's the truth. And," he added to Rupert in his agitation, "if ever I saw coming death upon a face, I saw it this night upon my poor master's."

* * * * *

A few days went on, full of grief and uncertainty, as to the Lord of Pomeroy. It was feared that the gout would attack a vital part; Mr. Norris, the local surgeon, was frequently at the abbey, and Dr. Bill came once a day from Owlstone.

One morning Joan, about to pass out of the purple room, encountered Father Andrew, who had just then quitted the sick chamber. The lord was better, and the improvement had put everyone in good spirits. Joan asked him to enter, and they sat down. The renewed hope gave her leisure to reflect on other troubles; for these few past days the lord's state had absorbed all anxieties.

"Father," she said, in a low tone, "do you—do you know that—that anything is amiss with Sybilla Gaunt?"

The priest rose. A wasp had made its way in at the open casement, and he took out his red silk handkerchief to whisk it out.

"Nasty things, those wasps," he cried. "One of them gave me a rare sting last year. I had to sit for half a day with a wet blue-bag stuck upon the place."

"But—did you hear what I asked you, father? About Sybilla?"

"Eh, child! What about her?"

Joan repeated the words, putting them somewhat differently. The wasp had been driven out, but Father Andrew remained at the casement, as if to guard it.

"She seems rather poorly," he remarked, speaking with his back to Joan. "Should she not get better shortly, I should recommend her to try change of air."

Joan paused. "But surely, father, you—you know what is the matter with her?"

The priest began shaking his handkerchief out at the casement. "Don't like wasps," he repeated. And Miss Pomeroy found a sudden question creeping up in her mind; was he purposely avoiding the subject?

"We have been almost as sisters, father; I and Sybilla; and night after night as I lie on my pillow, I think of her as she was in the old days, and am ready to weep for sorrow. If I could aid her in her trouble," added Joan, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I should like to do it. It would not be wrong, would it?"

"Certainly not; to aid the sick or afflicted is never wrong. But," he added, turning from the casement to face Joan, "I would advise you, my daughter, not to attempt it in this case. *You could not do any good.* Sybilla has entered upon a new course; and, it seems to me, that she should be left to follow it."

He said good day, and passed from the room. Just as though it were the easiest way of ending the topic, thought Joan in her surprise. But—though strictly obedient to her spiritual adviser in every essential matter, both by training and by inclination—Joan possessed her own share of the Pomeroy will; and she did not see the necessity of obedience in this. The good father no doubt wished to spare her pain—perhaps to spare her from contact with an erring woman.

And Miss Pomeroy, following out her opinion, put on her bonnet there and then, and walked down to the gamekeeper's lodge.

Sybilla, looking more sickly, more *blamable*, if that were practicable, than she had looked before, received Miss Pomeroy with less of emotion than then, and soon recovered her equanimity. Joan spoke plainly, but Sybilla would admit nothing. They sat together on the little sofa, the sweet red roses, trailing over the open casement, looking in upon them: the serene blue sky above seeming as a very type of heaven.

"We were girls together, Sybilla, though I was some years the elder; we were firm friends at the convent school," pleaded Joan. "If you, as seems to be only too apparent, have fallen into trouble, let me help you. You have neither mother nor sister; no one, as it were, to protect you; you were confiding, unsuspicious; but the world is an evil one, and carries its evil ways into many an innocent retreat. Oh, Sybilla, tell me all the truth, and let me help you!"

The scalding tears rolled slowly down Sybilla's cheeks, her beautiful deep-blue eyes were averted; but if ever a clasp of the hand expressed intense gratitude, hers did as it lay in Joan's.

"There is nothing that I can tell; nothing," she faintly said. "But thank you for your goodness, your condescension, dear Miss Pomeroy; I thank you from my very heart. I shall ever remember it."

Joan's benevolence froze a little. The tone of Sybilla's denial was unmistakably firm.

"I have come to you out of compassion, Sybilla, and against advice. No one, as you know, would be less likely to countenance wrong doing than I; it has cost me something to offer to condone it now."

"But you are mistaken," returned Sybilla, speaking faintly again. "I have nothing to acknowledge, nothing to confess. Indeed, Miss Pomeroy, you are mistaking me."

"Does your appearance belie you?" questioned Joan, severely. "Do you deny that you are sick?"

"I am sick; that is true. Since the excessive heat came in, I have felt languid—ill."

"Why do you muffle yourself in a shawl—why do you refuse to see Mr. Norris?" abruptly asked Joan.

"In spite of the weather, I feel cold, am often shivering inwardly," replied Sybilla, shivering now as she spoke. "As to Mr. Norris, he could do me no good."

"What would our good Lady Abbess say to this? What would Sister Mildred say?"

Sybilla was silent.

"Some days ago, when your father spoke to me about your illness, I promised to tell him what I thought of you—and now I dread to meet him. If you refuse me your confidence now, Sybilla, refuse to allow me to be your friend, you refuse for good, understand. It is the last time I shall ever ask you."

"But, indeed, there is no confidence that I can give you," persisted Sybilla, still in the same faint tone, her tears dropping quickly. Bending her head, she suddenly kissed Joan's hand. The latter rose.

"This is all then, Sybilla, that is to come of my offer?"

"May Heaven bless you, dear Miss Pomeroy. Think of me—think of me as leniently as you can."

A burst of sobs had caused the break in the words. Joan, annoyed and disappointed, broke out with some slighting words.

"Our intercourse ceases from this hour, Sybilla Gaunt. I wish you well through your trouble; but from henceforth we are strangers."

She swept away with all her native dignity. Sybilla closed the door, and flew up to her chamber in an agony of sobs and tears.

Better they had deemed the lord that morning, little thinking it was the last that would ever dawn for him. In the course of the day it became known that he was dying. Towards evening, when a kind of passive stupor had replaced the commotion which the dire news had occasioned in the household, and he was alone with his two sons, Joan, and Father Andrew, he began to speak of the earthly interests he was about to leave.

"Mind, Guy," he suddenly cried, after a rather prolonged silence, "Jerome is to have the keep. He is getting on in years, and may not care to remain in your service. You, also, with a young wife, may prefer a younger man as your household's head. He can go to the keep at once, if he pleases; I have told him so; or he may take service with you a little first, as he and you shall please. He has saved sufficient wages, and I have left him something more; and it is my desire that the keep shall be his to reside in, so long as he shall live. You hear me, Guy."

"Yes, father, certainly."

"Give him the keep for his home, to have exclusive control over, just as though it were his, absolutely; at his death, of course, it will be free again, and your own. Give me your promise."

"I promise, father," said Guy, rather wondering at the lord's seeming anxiety upon a matter that had virtually been settled long ago. "I promise faithfully."

"Father, I also promise," added Rupert.

Guy looked at his brother, a stern expression curling his imperfect lip at what he deemed Rupert's superfluous interference. "Why need you promise?" he asked, in a low tone. "You will never be the abbey's lord."

"In case it should lapse to me during Jerome's lifetime; that's why I spoke," returned Rupert.

At which suggested possibility Guy's lip took a still higher curl. He was likely to live as long as Rupert; perhaps longer; for he took better care of himself.

The old man died; died before the first glimmer of dawn. And Guy was the Lord of Pomeroy.

* * * * *

The death of a Lord of Pomeroy involved a great deal of ceremony and state. The very first thing to be done, according to the usages of the family, was to hoist the death flag.

A large, melancholy looking flag, with the Pomeroy escutcheon on it. It was always kept at the keep, in its appointed place. This flag, fetched at once by two of the upper servants, was hoisted half-mast high over the great entrance gates, to be kept there so long as the corpse remained above ground. The flag was white and the escutcheon black; and, altogether, as it waved about in the wind, it put spectators in mind of a skull and cross-bones.

The dead Lord of Pomeroy was conveyed to the chapel, there to lie in state until the day of interment—another of the Pomeroy customs—and to be visited by as many visitors as chose to attire themselves in decorous mourning. The younger sons, George and Leolin, were written to; only one of them, George, was able to respond to the call; and he but briefly. Captain George Pomeroy had obtained a great deal of absence lately for his own pleasure; now that he required it as a duty, it was but charily accorded him.

Captain Pomeroy arrived in the afternoon of the day previous to the funeral, considerably put out by the length of the passage from Ireland. Had not that been contrary, he might have stayed at home somewhat longer; as it was, his stay must be confined to less than thirty hours. He was a light hearted, good natured young man, his face pleasant and fresh colored, with the fine Pomeroy features, but, in other respects, bearing little resemblance to his elder brothers, and he was much shorter and slighter than they were. George Pomeroy was liked by all classes, high and low, and he was Joan's favorite brother. The youngest of them all, Leolin, was ill and not able to come, to his own and their regret.

It was a grand show, that funeral: always made so for a Lord of Pomeroy. Priests, high in the Romish Church came from all quarters to celebrate the mass; people of consideration flocked to it from far and near. He was buried in the family vault underneath the chapel. Guy, Lord of Pomeroy, followed first and alone as chief mourner; it was the custom of the lords to do so; Rupert and George walked after him together; and so on. Following the principal guests was John Gaunt; then came surgeons, lawyers, and others; and lastly the male servants, headed by Jerome. A grand funeral, a fine show; one to be talked of afterwards by the rustics of Abbeyland.

And so, Hugh, Lord of Pomeroy, was left in his resting-place; and Guy, his son, entered upon his reign.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE STILE.

"And, now that you have at length made up your mind to leave me, Joan, may I ask what stay you intend to make? Not as long as the last, I hope."

The speaker was the Lord of Pomeroy. Joan looked vaguely out into the distance, at the blue sky which rose behind the far-off convent chimneys, and did not answer immediately. It was a fair day towards the end of April. The sun was warm, the sky nearly cloudless, the trees and hedgerows had put on their tender green, and the birds were singing. Joan Pomeroy had come into the garden to enjoy it; and was joined by her brother. In a few days she was to depart on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Capel.

"I hardly know," she answered presently, in reply to Guy's question. "Isabel will not part with me readily."

"It will rest with you, Joan; not with Isabel."

"True. But you know what she wanted, Guy?"

"I know that when your father died, she wrote us an absurd proposal that you should make your home with her in future."

"Why do you call it absurd?"

"It was absurd. This is your home. It is right that it should be. And I am your protector."

"You will not miss me, Guy."

"Not miss you! Merci bien mademoiselle."

"I mean if you marry. Your wife, your children will be all in all to you, as they ought to be. You will not miss me."

"And if I do not marry?"

"In that case, I should always regard the abbey as my general home; though of course I should sometimes stay with Isabel. But you will be marrying, will you not, Guy?" she asked rather anxiously.

Guy Pomeroy, who had taken up his sister's black parasol, which she had not raised, gently flicked the bed of rhododendrons with it, in passing. His face was not less pale than of yore, but somewhat of its former sternness seemed lately to have softened down.

"It does seem rather strange to me, Guy, if I may be allowed for once to allude to the subject," she resumed, "that you do not speak to Alice. For a long, long while past I thought you would; I thought so, even before poor papa died."

Joan Pomeroy was ignorant you perceive, of the offer made to Alice Wylde some months ago by the Heir of Pomeroy—and her rejection of him. Guy was not likely to disclose that. Joan believed that his whole heart lay with the girl; that his very hope was bound up in her.

"You will marry her, will you not, Guy?"

"Possibly."

"Well, then, don't you see, Guy, that you won't want me? No, nor miss me—with Alice installed here as your wife."

"Miss you I always shall, Joan. And I desire—mark me—I desire and exact that this shall be regarded as your true home. Unless you marry."

"I shall not marry, Guy. Yes, I know what you would say—that I am still somewhat young to say that at twenty-nine; but a conviction that I shall not, lies within me. I do assure you that I have no wish to marry; I never have had any, and I believe that my best happiness will lay in a single life. Perhaps," she added, half laughing, "you and Isabel may come to some compromise—eight months in the year with her, four with you. Of course, the abbey does seem like my real home, and I daresay always will in my own mind."

"Why eight months with her and four with me?" demanded Guy. "Do you call that an equable compromise?"

"Isabel is my own sister, Guy. Alice will be but my half one. Though I dare say we shall be the best of friends. Besides——"

"Besides what?" he questioned, for poor Joan had stopped.

"Do you know, Guy, I shall be glad to get away from here," she added, in a low and unwilling tone. "For a time at least. The place is not the same to me since the—the disappearance of Sybilla."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Guy, sharply.

"Ah, but I was very fond of her; I was indeed, Guy. She was a grand, noble girl, one that I surely thought was in fair training for heaven. And when—when she fell from all that was good, it had more effect upon me than the world saw."

The Lord of Pomeroy's brows had gathered into a dark frown. It was evident that condemnation of somebody or something probably of Sybilla herself, was just then making itself heard strongly within him; that the subject was altogether distasteful. He vouchsafed no remark.

"Have you any idea where she is, Guy? Do you think her father knows?"

"The less you think about it the better," retorted Guy, severely. "What have we to do with the miserable business?"

"Guy,"—in the softest whisper—"do you think she is with Rupert?"

Guy Pomeroy turned his dark face upon his sister, surprise in the sharp movement. Hers was bent on the tulip-bed.

"What can possibly induce you to ask that?"

"I—gathered the notion that it might be so, Guy—though I hardly know how," she faltered. "Rupert went away about the same time that she did——"

"Rupert came back," was the sharp interruption.

"I know he did, for a time. One day Bridget said something in a laughing way, coupling their names together. I checked her at once."

"As I must check you," retorted Guy, in his haughtiest tone. "Put these fancies altogether from our mind, Joan; I command it. Forget Sybilla Gaunt; never allow the subject to recur to you again."

He strode off towards the gardeners, working at a distance, his tall, fine form raised to its utmost height—and there never existed a finer form than that of Guy Pomeroy. Joan left the garden, her head raised as proudly as his own. Miss Pomeroy very much disliked being put down; no one but Guy ever attempted to do it; and she was just a wee bit vexed with herself for having spoken at all.

But few changes had taken place since the death of the old Lord of Pomeroy. Guy reigned in his stead, and that was about the chief difference. All the retainers, numerous though they were, had been kept on by Guy; even old Jerome preferred active service to rest, and the keep for the present remained untenanted.

Some six weeks after the death of the late lord, Sybilla Gaunt was missing. She had disappeared. It was said that Gaunt himself had driven her in a gig to the county town, whence she took the train, and went out into the wide world. But, whether there was any truth in all this,

could not be ascertained. According to another report, Sybilla had run away, abandoning her home and her father, to his terrible consternation, and left not a word behind to say whither she had gone. She did not come back; no news was heard of her; it was believed that the gamekeeper received letters from her occasionally, but they were not sent to his house. He performed his duties as usual, just as if no trouble had fallen upon him. No one dared to speak to him of his loss. Gaunt was not a man to be questioned; he could put down impertinence, whether from rich or poor, with as high a hand as the old lord had done in his haughtiest days. How it was, or where Sybilla was, nobody knew.

Once only Joan had spoken to Gaunt of Sybilla. It was about a month back. In passing his lodge she had halted to admire the spring flowers, so abundant and kept in such nice order, not perceiving that Gaunt himself was stooping down near the gate. He rose up and they stood face to face, Joan beginning to speak lightly of the blossoming beds, just as though nothing else could be in either of their thoughts. But there was a sadness in the man's beautiful features, in his fine deep violet eyes, that aroused all Joan's sympathy, and involuntarily she put a question to him, lowering her voice.

"Have you heard of Sybilla? Is she well?"

"She is quite well. Thank you truly, Miss Pomeroy, for inquiring."

There was a strange earnestness in the man's manner as he spoke his thanks; there was not a look or tone that could be construed into the smallest iota of shame or confusion; never had he given a more self-possessed, fearless answer than that. Joan said good morning. She admired the man's Spartan courage—that would not let it be seen he felt the disgrace that had come home to him. And, literally and truly, that was all that had been heard of Sybilla.

Miss Pomeroy had her fortune, and could live where she liked. Not a large fortune, it is true, but considerably more than fell to the three younger brothers for the old lord had chosen to leave it so. If she made her residence at the abbey, this fortune need not be touched, except for her dress and such like personal expenses; Guy would have scorned to take money from his sister. If she remained with Mrs. Capel, Joan would undoubtedly contribute her share of the housekeeping, for the Capels were poor.

The small fortune inherited by the younger sons was paid over to them a few weeks after their father's death. Rupert, who had only waited for it, being short of funds, betook himself at once to London, ostensibly to look after a goverment appointment that he had received the promise of. Guy graciously intimated to his brother that he was welcome to make the abbey his home until the appointment should be given; but Rupert thought that he had better be on the spot "to look the people up;" at least, that was the idea given. Guy suspected—nay, he knew—that Rupert might have confessed to a more weighty motive than that of "looking up" the government. He had debts, poor fellow; the few thousand inherited from his father would be nothing like enough to settle them, and it might be just as convenient that his place of residence should be one less conspicuously known than was Pomeroy Abbey. That was some months ago. Rupert had not got the appointment yet; but Guy had reason to know he was adding to his debts, instead of paying them. Ready money, and the temptations of London! an irresistible position for Rupert the thriftless.

* * * * *

Another lovely spring day, still warmer than yesterday. The hedges seemed to be clothed in a more luxuriant green, the sky to be darkly blue with an earnest of coming summer, the grass, growing long, was intermixed with oxlips, cowslips, and bluebells, and the long deep pink flowers that children calls cookoos. Alice Wylde, rambling in the fields near her house, had sat down upon a stile amidst these homely flowers, and thought pensively of the happy years of her childhood, when the greatest of her simple delights had been to go in the meadows and gather such—delights that would never return. Her straw hat shaded her face; her colored muslin robe was pure and fresh.

She was deeply unhappy. Loving Rupert Pomeroy with all the intensity of an impassioned and not well-disciplined heart, this long absence from him had seemed like a separation of years. It was September when he went away; it was April now—nearly May. All those months, and never to see him, never to hear of him—save for a word or so dropped now and again by Miss Pomeroy to Guy. He had not written to her; there might be danger in that; neither did she know his address in London. In point of fact, there was no engagement between them—never had been; only love.

And Guy, the lord, was wooing her still; wooing her silently. She gave him no encouragement whatever; rather repelled him, tacitly. She did not dare to do it openly, and so invoke the displeasure of her mother. Joan had wondered why her brother was so dilatory in asking the young lady to be his wife, but Guy was only "biding his time." Discouraged by her manner, he preferred to work his way with her, rather to speak too soon and provoke a second refusal. But Guy was getting impatient, tired of the delay; and —Alice Wylde is sitting on the low field stile there, looking at the flowers, with eyes that see them not.

She steps off the stile and leans against it, for she hears footsteps approaching; and, though the hedge hides the intruder, she knows them to be the Lord of Pomeroy's.

"Good morning, Alice."

"Good morning," she returned, preparing to move away.

"Stay," said Guy, putting his arm before her; "I cannot go on like this; I cannot be shunned for ever, as you are shunning me. If I come up with you out of doors, you walk away; if I call at the White House, you will not remain in the room. I have been there now, talking to your mother; and she says, and I say, that matters should be brought to an issue."

"They were so brought long ago," replied Alice; "Only you will not take my answer."

"No, I will never take that answer," returned Guy. "Oh, Alice, Alice!" he added, changing his tone to one of deep tenderness, "have compassion upon me! My love for you is eating away my heart-strings."

"I cannot love you," she replied, in a low tone.

"So you have said. I have asked you, as I ask you now, Why?"

"Love is not a thing that can be called up at will. It cannot be bought and sold; as you would barter a jewel."

"Sufficient of it will come at will, if there is no bar. I am ready to take you, and chance it. Is there a bar?" he continued, in a meaning tone. "Latterly I have grown to think it."

Alice Wylde hesitated. The persecution—for so she looked upon it in her spirit of opposition—of Guy Pomeroy had become intolerable to her: when she woke in the morning, the consciousness that she should meet him in the day, possibly be forced to listen to his love-making, to a second edition of his offer, would rush over her with a feeling of mingled doubt and despair. That this state of things could not continue, common-sense told her. On her side she was getting angry and vexed with Rupert; but just at this moment it seemed to her that she must get rid of Guy. What if she told him there was a bar? It might put an end to his hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke out on impulse; not weighing her words.

"If I were to impart to you that there is a bar, would it convince you that your wish to address me cannot be carried out?"

"What is the bar?"

She did not answer. A wave of something that looked like terror passed over Guy's face. His voice became strangely agitated.

"Not that of love!—of love for another? Oh, Alice, do not say it!"

"I must say it, if I am to speak the truth," she whispered. "I do love another."

Guy's face took a darker expression. "Has another dared to woo you?"

"Dared?"

"Yes—dared. For it must have been done in secret—in dishonor. Your mother knows nothing of this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caught In A Snare.

BY KATHARINE WILLIAMS.

I had secured the choicest seat by the fire, not much of a chair perhaps in the eyes of a sybarite, but luxurious to girls accustomed to spend the most of every day on backless benches. At any rate I could afford to pity Janet Rock with the sharp corner of a high desk running into her shoulder, and Susan Hill squatting between us. Saving the firelight glare it was nearly dark in the big schoolroom, for it had struck five and we were well on in December. We three had just been counting the hours and minutes that lay between us and the gleeful "going home" for Christmas.

"And so," I was saying rather grandiloquently, "there'll be all manner of fun at home; and then Christmas-day—I don't believe anybody has such Christmas-days as we do."

"I wish you'd invite me."

I gave a great jump and stopped short in my description. The interruption came from neither of my two companions, but from a tall girl in a dark gown, who now walked lightly across the room with a key dangling on her finger. The further door must have been open, for we had none of us heard her enter. Though she had startled me there was nothing at all alarming in her aspect as she came up to the high fender and leant her arms upon it, continuing gaily:

"It makes one's mouth water to hear you, Jenny, especially when one has no better prospect than a Christmas here with deaf old Rachel."

"You won't be here!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Shan't I? I'm afraid I shall, though; I've neither kith nor kin in these parts, and my stepfather in Ireland doesn't value my society enough to frank me there and back."

I was silent, revolving in my mind whether I should ask mother to invite her home with me. We did not care much to have visitors, but Annette Merivale was different from other people. She was pretty sure to earn her welcome anywhere. She had only been a fortnight as pupil teacher at Brook House, and already she was the most popular person in the community.

She was not exactly handsome, but far more attractive than many handsome people.

Now as she straightened herself, and stood idly drumming with her fingers on the brass fender-rail, I thought how much brighter she was than many with twice her share of good luck.

"See!" said she, slipping her hand into her pocket, and producing thence a small card which she held out to me. "There's the likeness I promised you, Jenny; what do you think of it?"

It was a cheap photograph taken by some country artist, but, whatever it might be as a work of art, it was to my thinking a capital likeness. It had just caught the turn of her head and her expression. I said so, asking where it had been done.

"At Hatherfield. I had an hour to spare the other day when I took little Charlotte Hampton home."

We had our heads all together examining the little picture when the door opened again, and this time admitted Mrs. Frant.

Annette turned round quickly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed; "I did not know you were waiting;" and crossing at once to the school cupboard she unlocked it, and took out a pile of books.

"I did not come for them," Mrs. Frant explained; and then turning towards two little girls playing cat's cradle in a corner of the room, she said:

"Alice Parker, your uncle is here; you may go up-stairs and see him."

The child ran off, and Annette followed her with the books. At the door she stopped.

"Shall you want me to help mark them?" she asked cheerfully.

"No, you may leave them on my table; I can do them myself."

Mrs. Frant spoke in a slightly irritated tone, as if the proposal in some way displeased her. When I said that Annette Merivale was popular among us, I ought to have made a reservation. From the day of her coming it had been evident that Mrs. Frant did not take kindly to her. What reason she had for it we could not tell.

While they spoke Janet and Susan had moved off to the further side of the room, but still I sat by the fire, studying Annette's portrait by the uncertain light.

Mrs. Frant coming up to throw on a fresh log glanced over my shoulder.

"What are you trying your eyes over, Jenny?" she asked, in her even tones.

I held up the little photograph in explanation. "I'm afraid you can hardly see it now," I said.

She took it from me and looked at it, at first carelessly, then closely. Just then a little jet of flame shot up, illumining not only Annette's pictured face, but her own living one; and I saw as she lifted it a kind of scared look in her eyes.

"Is it Miss Merivale?" she asked hurriedly. "Of course it must be, though."

"Yes," I said; "don't you think, ma'am, it's very like her?"

"Yes, yes," she assented. "But at first there was a look"—she stopped, collected herself, and gave it back to me. "It reminded me of a person I once knew. One often sees that kind of chance resemblance. Now go up-stairs, my dear, and get ready for tea."

I think it must have been about a week later that, as we trooped into the schoolroom one frosty morning fresh from our daily walk we learned a bit of news that somewhat excited us—the expected arrival of Miss Liston, Mrs. Frant's aunt. We had often heard of this relation, and knew it was she who had taken charge of Mrs. Frant when she had been sent home from India about thirty years before. But the old lady lived in France, and had never yet appeared at Brook House. Something in Mrs. Frant's way of announcing her coming now made me fancy that it was not an altogether pleasant prospect to her.

It was growing dusk that same evening, when a cab drove up to the iron gate. We girls crowded to the schoolroom window just in time to see an old lady alight cautiously, and mount the broad stone steps to the front door, followed by the driver carrying a big box and a travelling bag. She must have been a fine-looking woman in her youth, for even now there was something striking about her well-cut nose and mouth, and her high forehead shaded by its bands of silvery hair.

The following morning we were all in the hall ready for our usual walk, and Mrs. Frant, who was going part of the way with us, was unfolding her shawl, when Annette coming out of the schoolroom offered to put it across her shoulders. She would have done so indeed had not Mrs. Frant almost pushed her back.

"Don't," she said, and the word sounded almost like a cry; "I can do it myself—I would rather."

Annette drew back and her color rose. Just then I, standing near the foot of the stairs, heard the rustle of a silk dress, and glancing up I saw the gray head and lilac cap of Miss Liston on the landing above. She had evidently heard Mrs. Frant's exclamation, and had come out of her room to see what it meant. She was looking down at her niece with an expression so fixed and peculiar that it quite startled me. But Mrs. Frant did not see her, and the next moment she had disappeared.

Most of the girls were leaving next day, but my mother could not well send for me till Saturday, so I should be among the last to go. I was helping Janet Rock to squeeze an impossible number of things into her box when Annette, coming into the room, threw down a bundle of rugs, and said abruptly:

"I may be glad of your services too, Jenny: I'm off to day."

"You!" I exclaimed. "What! are you going after all?"

"Yes. If Mrs. Frant wanted to get rid of me," she proceeded, "she's certainly gone the right way to work. I've stood a good deal of snubbing, but it went a little too far yesterday. I told her so just now."

We set to work and soon the last straps of her baggage were fastened. While still working and talking Miss Liston suddenly entered. She advanced directly to Annette.

"We have seen so little of each other," she said, in a bland deliberate voice, "and I have such a high opinion of your talents, that I think I really must ask you to delay your departure for a little while, that we may become better acquainted." The old lady placed herself between Annette and the door, and eyeing her with a cool smile, took off her cap and with it the bands of white hair which I had so much admired, and, tossing them on the floor, revealed the bald head of an elderly man. Crossing his arms, this same man addressed the girl, who stood as if turned to stone, in these astounding words:

"The game is up, you see. It has been a good game, but two can play at it, and I flatter myself I've checkmated you rather neatly."

Annette laughed a short odd laugh; but the color had come back to her face, and she was herself again.

"Perhaps you'll explain," she said composedly; "perhaps you'll favor me with your name, because, you see, this is rather a surprise, and I don't think I've the pleasure of knowing you."

"No; that is a pleasure to come. I'm Detective Webb, at your service. But I'll do something more to oblige you. I'll remind you of *your* name, Miss Agatha Minton, in case you chance to have forgotten it."

Annette, or Agatha, as I ought to call her, shrugged her shoulders. "I'm trapped! Well, I took my chance," she muttered.

I heard no more. Sick and stunned I crept into the schoolroom, dreading I knew not what. But I could not stay there, it was too desolate, and I stole out again across the now deserted hall to the drawing-room. There, crouching over the fire and shivering as if in an ague fit, I found Mrs. Frant. She lifted her head in affright, but bowed it again when she saw that it was only me.

"Tell me," I entreated, creeping up to her, and slipping my hand in hers in a nervous longing for protection. "What does it mean? I can't understand it."

Just then the street-door bell rang. I listened and heard a voice—a dear familiar voice—and in an instant I was in the hall and in my mother's arms.

"O mother, come in here!" and, almost dragging her into the schoolroom, I poured out my story. She heard it with a grave and pitying face.

"Let us go in to poor Mrs. Frant," she said, when I had done and together we went across to the other room. Mrs. Frant still sat as I had left her, but her sad eyes brightened a little when she saw my mother.

She sat down beside her and took her trembling hand.

"Do you care to tell us anything?" she said softly. "Jenny is to be trusted, but don't speak if it is painful."

"Yes, I will tell you; it will be a comfort to speak. And you know something; you know about him—my husband—and how cruelly he used me."

"Indeed I do!" my mother made answer.

"When I got away from him and took shelter with my aunt in Paris, he followed me there, and threatened to drag me back with him. He could have done it too. I could not prove his ill-usage; he had been too crafty for that. But there was a letter; he had written it in our early married days. He didn't know I had kept it, but he knew that, and I knew, if it were produced, it would send him to prison, and I told him that if he meddled with me I would produce it. I had never turned on him before. I had been a whipped hound under his hand; but now I was desperate, and I frightened him. He made me promise solemnly never to use that letter as long as he did not molest me; and then he left me. He knew he could trust my word. And then I came to England, and, ill and broken as I was, I tried to begin a new life.

Then he sent this girl—his niece— to steal the letter quietly. I had never seen her or heard of her. I thought it was only a chance likeness I saw until I met the detective at Hatherfield.

He told me her real name, and that was enough. He said he had been looking for a girl—Agatha Minton—who had been mixed up in a Rotterdam fraud, and that, after a deal of trouble, he had tracked her down into our neighborhood; had lighted on her photograph in a Hatherfield shop window, and found that she was a governess here. And then I had something to tell him. My husband's sister had married a man named Minton, and I guessed at once that this girl had not come to my house only to hide. He then arranged the ruse which resulted as you see."

As she concluded the door opened again, and Mr. Webb came in, habited now in a blue frock-coat. Walking up to her he put a folded letter into her outstretched hand.

"You see I have kept my word," he said, with a grim smile; "there it is. Won't you own that it is safer than it has ever been? And now I must go and see my bird in her cage."

As he turned away Mrs. Frant hid her face upon my mother's shoulder and broke into a passion of tears, the first she had shed. She tried to speak, but her sobs choked her. The strain had been too great, and she was past feeling the relief. My mother saw how it was. She did not attempt to calm her. She only said:

"Come home with us. You are not fit to stay alone in this gloomy empty house. Come home with us."

And we took her home.

Jack's Lesson.

BY A. C.

"I am sorry that you should have these little misunderstandings with your wife, my dear Jack!" says good natured old Uncle Ridgeway. "I really should not advise you to quarrel with your wife, my dear boy—I shouldn't, indeed!"

"Well uncle," Jack replies, "for that matter, Fanny is an angel—a brick—in short, the very best little woman in the world: but, at the same time, you must allow me to observe that she has some provoking little idiosyncracies of her own."

"Precisely; and one is that about which you have been having this difficulty—your fondness for company and pleasure-keeping—eh! Jack? But what does Fanny say about it?"

"*Say about it!* Excuse me, my dear uncle; you know Fanny. I wouldn't undertake to repeat all my wife's arguments for the world. I could very much easier tell you what she has not said about it. But the upshot of it is, that she thinks I ought to give up going out so much. Of course I've no desire to run into undue extravagance, or anything of that sort; but upon my word I cannot see the sense of denying ourselves every little recreation."

This opinion affords about as good an idea of careless Jack Thurston's good-natured, pleasure-loving mind as it is possible to convey in a few words.

Though in tolerable circumstances for people who have had the greater part of their own way in the world to make, the Thurstons do not by any means belong to the fortunate class who can compass all necessary home comforts, and unlimited out-of door enjoyment as well; and if any sacrifice has to be made, it shall not, Mrs. Thurston resolves, if she can avoid it, be any of their little home interests.

She had spoken to her husband more than once on the subject; but as these discussions have always led to a slight warmth of argument that came very much nearer a quarrel than she and Jack had ever before approached, she has too much tact to press the matter beyond a certain point; and when Jack reaches home on the evening of the day on which he has been discussing his domestic difficulties with Uncle Ridgeway, who is the mutual confidant of Jack and his wife both, he is immensely relieved to find that every trace of the morning's cloud has disappeared; and that Fanny shows no disposition to renew the subject, or raise the slightest protest against his going upstairs to dress for that little supper at Brandreth's to which he has been specially invited.

A quiet little affair enough, from which he could not very well absent himself, though to be sure it is the third evening this week he has been out; and really, he reflects, in the midst of an heroic wrestling with a refractory buttonhole which refuses in its starchiness to admit its appointed button, it does begin to look as if Fanny had some real cause of complaint after all.

"It is only that I have not the courage to say 'No' when those fellows press the confounded invitations upon me," he muses as he puts the latch-key into his own front-door on the evening following the party at Brandreth's, with a resolve that he will be braver for the future, and make a firm stand against temptation—a resolve which but for the severe lesson awaiting him, might have gone the way of only too many other good resolutions.

Leaving his hat and overcoat in the hall, he opens the parlor-door, only to stand petrified on the threshold at the sight which awaits him. The room is tenantless, the grate absolutely fireless, and an air of silence and strangeness seems to pervade the whole house. When has he ever come home before to find neither wife nor welcome awaiting him?

A sharp jerk at the bell brings up the evidently half asleep young woman from the kitchen, with the information that "Missus is out," went out in the afternoon leaving no orders of any kind, and that there is no dinner cooked.

To say that he is astonished but poorly expresses the state of his feelings.

Fanny to act with such total disregard of his comfort! Why he feels like a man whose sun has suddenly gone out into darkness.

Impatiently enough he eats the plate of cold meat which the girl finally condescends to place before him, and then sits down to wait, hoping and expecting through every tedious moment to hear the door-bell ring. But the hours drag on; eight, nine, and finally ten comes and goes, but no Fanny.

Night—the long, anxious, dreadful night—drags itself away at last, and with the first peep of daylight poor Jack, utterly terrified and bewildered, takes himself off to old Uncle Ridgeway for sympathy and advice in his trouble. Of the first, he receives his full share; of the last, none. The poor old gentleman is even more terrified and bewildered by Fanny's mysterious disappearance than her husband, and that is saying a good deal.

Late in the afternoon, having been everywhere he can think of as a probable, or even possible place for his wife to have called at, without hearing the slightest tidings of her, he turns his steps, as a last forlorn hope, towards home, only to meet the disheartening intelligence that Fanny is still absent. In a state of anxiety, bordering upon distraction, he worries through the remainder of the day and the ensuing night; and once more the cold gray dawn looks down on poor Jack's sleepless eyes and pale anxious face.

If only he could wake up and find it all some hideous dream! If only he could wake up and find the bright dark eyes, the smiling lips, and dainty little helpful hands of his wife by his side, he feels as if there is nothing in all the world that would have power to give him a care.

The inquiry drags on, assisted though it is by advertisements and police aid, through three more torturing days; but at the end of that time a period is mercifully put to his suspense. A message arrives to the effect that is wife is lying badly injured, and only just returning to consciousness, in one of the great city hospitals.

In spite of its apparent singularity, the explanation of the little woman's mysterious disappearance is quite simple. Leaving her home on some trifling errand to the City, which she had forgotten to mention to her husband, Mrs. Thurston, while crossing the street near Ludgate Hill, had been seized with sudden vertigo, and was so badly injured by a passing hansom, which knocked her down, that her instant removal to the hospital was imperative.

She was quite insensible when picked up; and, by some strange fatality, happened at the moment to have nothing about her by which either her name or address could be ascertained; and during all this dreadful time of doubt, uncertainty, and alarm for her husband, poor Fanny has been lying in the hospital ward, quite unconscious of everything passing around her.

And yet, bad as the true explanation of the case has proved, it is a great relief to know it—a blessed relief to know that his wife is still alive and likely to recover; and with a deeper, more heartfelt sense of thankfulness than he has ever before experienced in his life, he calls a cab and drives off to the hospital, with the fixed resolve of bringing his darling back at once. But on this point poor Jack is very speedily overruled.

"The lady is quite unequal to the fatigue of removal, and will be for some days to come," is the doctor's uncompromising verdict; and after a short interview, Mr. Thurston is compelled to return to his home, and leave his wife in the care of the hospital nurse, who Fanny very faintly informed him is very good to her.

At the end of a week Fanny, looking very pale and ill, but radiantly happy, is brought home in state and triumph.

"And good heavens, little woman, such a home as it has been without you!" Jack remarks, as, in a flutter of delight, he deposits her on the lounge, and then proceeds to punch into the pillows under the impression that he is carrying out the doctor's instructions by taking the greatest possible care of her.

"If ever a man was thankful for anything I am thankful to have got you back again," he adds. "And, Fanny, what would you say if I were to tell you that this accident of yours has proved a most valuable lesson to me?"

"I should say that I am very glad to hear it," is the reply. "But in what way, dear?"

"By teaching me the value of my home and my wife. Upon my word, little woman, I never did quite realise until after that mysterious disappearance of yours what a blessing you have been to me; what a 'poor, lone lost creatur,' as Mrs. Gummidge remarks, I should be without you; and what a selfish brute I've been to you. If a man does not appreciate the blessing of a comfortable home, just let him come back day after day, as I've been doing, to an empty, desolate one, and if that does not open his eyes to his iniquities, why his must be a pretty hopeless case, that's all I've got to say. I am not much given to making rash promises, my dear, still I fancy I can give you my word that you have seen the last of my backslidings on that point."

Mrs. Thurston concludes:

"And I can only add that I think he will keep his word."

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—One of the most extraordinary attempts at suicide upon record is that made by a resident of a little village in Italy, in 1805. He was insane on religious subjects and conceived the idea of imitating upon his own person the crucifixion of our Savior. He constructed within his lodging-room a wooden cross, and provided himself with nails, ropes, a crown of thorns, &c. Anticipating that he could not easily nail himself to his cross, he made a net which he fastened over it, securing it at the bottom of the upright beam, so that it might partly sustain his weight. He then assumed his crown of thorns, removed his clothing and girded his loins with a white cloth, wounded his side with a knife, and introducing himself into the net, nailed his two feet and his right hand to the cross. And at the last he succeeded, by a series of ingenious prearranged contrivances, in swinging the cross, with himself upon it, out at the window, so that it confronted the villagers as they came out the next morning. He was, however, taken down and cured of his wounds, though not of his melancholy.

INFLUENCE OF PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other spheres and scenes, where the fancy for a moment may reveal, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are books; they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves. They make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amidst the smoke and din, the bustle of an overcrowded city.

AN AUTHOR'S METHOD.—The famous English writer, Wilkie Collins keeps on his library table a japanned tin box containing what he calls his stock in trade—plots and schemes for stories and dramas. He is a rapid inventor and a slow producer, constantly revising his work until he has produced something approaching his ideal of a simple natural style. He considers Addison a "neat but trivial" writer, and says that Lord Byron's letters are the best English he knows of—"perfectly simple and clear, bright and strong."

News of Interest

Four men now living at Castleton, Vt., have had between them twenty wives.

Of the 167 Congregational churches in Vermont, only 60 have regular pastors.

Mr. Gladstone still cultivates his muscle by felling trees, using an American axe.

One of Queen Victoria's carriages has a seat that rocks with the motion of the vehicle.

Baron Grant's famous mansion at Kensington is to be turned into a restaurant and a club.

An eighty-year-old woman at Sharon, Vt., is suffering with her second attack of whooping cough.

Dr. Bucknill, of London, pronounces the inebriate asylums of the United States a practical failure.

An American writes to the London Times that English hotels do not furnish cold water enough.

The Princess of Wales has made the zither fashionable in England. She took lessons on it last year.

Death is the penalty in China for the authors of all anonymous accusations of crime, though the charge be true.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling is the present pet of the London public, and no singer in England draws so well.

The director of the Bank of France has issued an order declaring that the moustaches of all his employes "must go."

The British Consul in Pekin puts the deaths from famine in China at 7,000,000. The province of Shansi alone lost 5,000,000.

M. Gambetta is training under the Banting system to reduce his flesh, and takes long walks and practices gymnastics.

A man in Milan has devised a system of music phonography. He is already able to take down some airs as sung without a mistake.

Young Harrison, the boy revivalist at Washington, recently in one of his religious ecstacies, jumped from the pulpit into a pew below.

Emperors are nervous nowadays. A man was arrested in Vienna for attempting to throw a harmless bundle into the Imperial carriage.

A decree has been signed prohibiting the manufacture in Paris of any kind of fulminating device intended as a toy for the use of children.

George Lewis, a London lawyer, has a practice so extensive that his clerks and employes number 250, and his receipts are $250,000 a year.

A new and valuable variety of table fish, the Norwegian deep sea flounder, has been discovered by Prof. Baird on the Massachusetts coast.

A man at Bradford, England, has been put under bonds to keep the peace for sending out a bellman to cry that his wife Amelia was for sale.

Christopher Mann, of Independence, Mo., has just celebrated his 105th birthday. He has a son only eight years old, and is the father of 28 children.

"I have somewhere pawned my wedding ring for drink. The holder will please send me his address." So reads an advertisement in a German paper.

Earl Beaconsfield is reputed a rich man by marriage and otherwise, although before obtaining his pension of $10,000 a year he had to make a declaration of poverty.

Gen. Sir Thomas Myddleton Biddulph, keeper of the Queen's privy purse, died in London on Sunday. He had been connected with the Queen's household 27 years.

The wife of General Sturgis and her two daughters are visiting Custer's battlefield, in the faint hope of discovering some relic of Lieutenant Sturgis, who died there.

Mayors in Italy do not seem to command a high price. The Mayor of Fruignano, near Bologna, was carried off by brigands lately, but was released on payment of a ransom of $120.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines finds the title to her New Orleans property contested by English claimants, who have offered the lawyers half the value of the estate to establish their claim.

It has just been decided in England that a man's promise, made before marriage, to educate his children in his wife's religion, is not binding in law, and cannot therefore be enforced.

One of the few remaining vivandieres of Napoleon Bonaparte's armies lately died in Milan aged 90. She went through the campaigns in Russia and Spain without receiving a scratch.

The Emperor of Brazil has invited eminent doctors from Europe to Rio Janeiro to study on the spot the true character of yellow fever, and discover a remedy for it. Several have accepted the call.

Captain Henry Allen, of Salem, Mass., has a pear tree 250 years old in his garden. Next to the Endicott pear tree it is probably the oldest in the country. It has borne several bushels of fruit this year.

The Chinamen of San Francisco are endeavoring to stop the cutting of queues in the prisons of that city. A test case is being made of a Chinese prisoner's suit against the Sheriff for $10,000 damages.

A London firm advertised recently for a collector, work hard and wages low, and received over 1800 replies, nearly all from men of apparently good education and character, many of them from gentlemen.

The idiotic King of Holland is again trying to get married. This time his bride does not belong to the *demi monde*. Her name is Princess Emma de Waldeck Pyrmont. She is twenty; he is over sixty.

There are several new leaders of fashion in Paris, who, under the republic, adopt the most extravagant styles of dress, and rival any of the eccentricities for which women of the imperial court were noted.

As curious a liquidation of an old bill as any on record, is that of a young man in Shelbyville, Indiana, who has hauled wood to pay a doctor for attending his mother when he was born nineteen years ago, and more.

Mr. Joseph Taylor and his wife, the father and mother of our Minister to Berlin, will celebrate their diamond wedding on the 15th of October, at Cedarcroft. It is not often that a venerable pair see together the 60th anniversary of their wedding day.

North Beaver township, Pa., has discovered tree-climbing snakes. A dozen of them have been killed, the longest of which measured seven feet. They have flat heads, greenish spots on the skin, and emit a hissing sound like that of a goose.

The latest plaything for French children is a mechanical Newfoundland dog, destined for the saving of dolls that fall in the water. He takes them in his mouth and paddles across a tank or very considerable pond, keeping his head and his precious freight above water until he has reached shore, his ample tail being used as a rudder.

Baron Hugo, one of the musicians in Gilmore's band, was recognized in Berlin by an elderly couple of rank as their son, who had been compelled to leave Germany because of debts he had contracted and which his father refused to pay for him. The recognition is said to have been followed by an affecting scene, in which the prodigal, his father, mother, and sister took part.

As Lustrous as the Oriental Pearl

is the complexion that has been rendered beautiful by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH. A few applications of this wondrous regenerator of the skin removes every blemish and imparts to it a velvet softness. Moreover, chemical analysis has disclosed the fact that the Bloom of Youth contains no hurtful ingredients, but only such as tend to give freshness and brilliancy to the complexion. Ladies may therefore rely upon it as a safe as well as a certain beautifier.

LYDIA'S LOVE SONG.

BY E. BULWER LYTTON.

The wind and the beam loved the rose,
And the rose loved one;
For who reeks the wind when it blows,
Or loves the sun?

None knew whence the humble wind stole,
Poor sport of the skies:
None dreamt that the wind had a soul
In its mournful sighs.

O happy beam! how canst thou prove
That bright love of thine?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but to shine!

How its love can the wind reveal?
Unwelcome its sigh!
Mute—mute to its rose let it steal—
Its proof is—to die!

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XI.

As Violet had foreseen, glances of wonder followed her and her companion. Lady Rolfe was bitterly annoyed; here was the girl chosen by Sir Owen, while her own daughter sat unnoticed. Mrs. Hunter did not know whether to be glad or sorry; of course it was a great thing to have Sir Owen there, and to see him enjoy himself and evidently feel so perfectly at home, but Sir Owen should have danced with Miss Rolfe, certainly not with Violet Haye.

Sir Owen however was grandly indifferent; a man possessed of forty thousand per annum is master of almost every situation, and he certainly was master of this. He enjoyed the quadrille very much.

"I had no idea *al fresco* dancing was so pleasant," he said; "dancing anywhere with you, Miss Haye, would be the same, I should imagine. Who was the gentleman talking to you under the tree?"

"That is Mr. Felix Lonsdale," she replied. And he fancied the warm blush that came over her face was the result of his compliment.

"Lonsdale! Is not that the name of the lawyer who forged a will, or something of that kind?" asked Sir Owen.

She looked up at him horrified by the words.

"You are making a grave mistake, Sir Owen," she said. "Mr. Lonsdale was falsely accused of having influenced one of his clients to leave him money, but it was not true."

"True or not, I wish that I were in his place," said Sir Owen.

"Why?" she asked in wonder.

"Because you defend him. I wonder, if you heard evil spoken of me whether you would defend me?"

"Do people speak evil of you?" she asked.

"I suppose so," was the careless reply; "not that I care. Why should I care? Nothing of that kind matters to me. But I know they tell queer stories about me. They say I drink and gamble—they say that I——but I forget—I must not repeat scandal to you. Now if you heard these things said of me, would you defend me?"

"How can I answer you? You forget that I have never seen you before."

"Yet you defend this Lonsdale. Do you know him?"

"The Mr. Lonsdale who has suffered so unjustly is the father of the gentleman to whom you saw me speaking," she replied, "and he is one of the oldest friends I have in Lilford."

"I suppose," said the Baronet, "that Lonsdale's son imagines himself a very handsome man. That kind of man always thinks a great deal of himself."

"Do you not think him handsome?" asked Violet, who knew well that her lover had the statuesque beauty of a Greek god.

"I never waste one thought on a man's face," he replied.

But Violet's quick instinct told her the awkward Baronet was jealous of the young lawyer.

Then the quadrille was over, but he would not leave her. She must go with him to have some refreshments—he was sure she felt tired. If he had only known, he would have sent all kinds of choice fruits over for the *fete*, but how could he foresee that the queen of society herself was to be present?

It was all flattery, but very pleasant flattery, when offered by a man worth forty thousand per annum. It was pleasant too to know that every one was looking at her, every one was thinking and talking of her. She could not help contrasting her present position with that she had occupied half an hour previously.

Felix Lonsdale had been but coldly received. No one seemed to forget that he was the son of a man whose fair fame was darkened by a dark cloud. The *elite* had not received him very kindly. Lady Rolfe had passed him with a bow; Mrs. Brownson had held out two fingers for him to shake, and had drawn them back very quickly; Mrs. Boulders had shaken hands with him and then looked round very quickly to see if any one had observed her. He had not been "cut;" no one had been pointedly uncivil, but he had been coldly received, and Violet had observed it even more keenly than he had himself, when she stood talking to him. She had a strange feeling as though she were in some manner sharing his disgrace—as though she, too, were under a cloud.

Now it was so different. Sir Owen's glory seemed to be reflected on her; people who had never troubled themselves to speak to her before now were fulsomely polite to her. It was but reflected glory, she knew; still it was very pleasant.

Sir Owen insisted on her taking some refreshment; he waited upon her as though she had been a princess; she could not tell how it was, but she seemed suddenly to have left far behind her the world of sorrow, pain and disgrace in which, through sympathy with Felix, she had been living so long.

"Here is your friend," said Sir Owen; and, looking up suddenly, she saw Felix at the entrance of the tent looking wistfully at her.

At first something like impatience vexed her. It was such a magnificent triumph for her, he might let her enjoy it—he might have waited a few minutes. It was not every day that she was waited upon by a rich baronet and envied by other women; she might never see Sir Owen again, while all her life was to be spent with Felix. Surely he might have waited a few minutes longer; but no, he was coming to her, and her triumph was ended; she had no idea of resisting his will, and rose from her seat. Sir Owen looked at her in amazement.

"Are you going?" he asked. "I was just about to presume to ask if you would go with me to see the flowers; they have some very fine ones here, I am told."

She looked helplessly from one to the other. She did not know how to refuse such a tempting offer from Sir Owen; it would be an unequalled triumph for all the guests to see her—to see how proud and pleased he was to escort her through the grounds; but it seemed equally impossible to leave Felix, who had looked forward with such delight to this holiday with her. So the beautiful eyes glanced first at one and then the other, while the white fingers toyed with the pretty flowers she held up until their scented leaves fell on the ground. Felix cut the Gordian knot for her.

"Pardon me for the interruption," he said. "Miss Haye was kind enough to promise me the honor."

He took Violet's arm, placed it on his own, and led her from the tent.

The Baronet stood looking after them with more than amazement in his face.

"What unequalled impertinence!" he said. "The father of such a man as that would be capable of forging half a dozen wills."

"Oh, Felix," said Violet; "I am afraid you have offended him!"

"I do not care if I have Violet. You are mine. What right has he to monopolise you? I know we are not married; but it is almost the same thing. You are my promised wife, and no one shall take on away from me even for one hour. Come away from all these people—I want to talk to you. Come down the avenue of chestnuts."

He mastered her by his stronger will; she went without one word. They walked slowly down the avenue of chestnuts, the sunlight glancing on her golden hair and white dress.

"Let me look at you, Violet," he cried, with the passionate impatience of a young lover. "It seems to me that that man's presence near you must have dimmed your beauty as poisonous air kills a delicate flower. Let me look at you, my darling."

He held her hand and stood looking at her, watching the radiant face with such love in his eyes that a woman must have had a marble heart to resist him.

"No," he said; "you are just the same. You must humor my fancies, Violet. Does not some one say that 'great love is semi-madness?' It is true. You must humor my fancies, sweet. Stand here; let this cool breeze blow over you—it will purify you from even the very breath and echo of his words."

She laughed a low, tremulous laugh, but the words touched her. She stood quite still, and the western wind kissed her face, played with her golden hair, and showered the chestnut-blossoms over her.

"You shall not even have the echo of another man's words hanging over you, sweet," he said. "Now the breeze has taken it all away."

"Oh, Felix, how much you love me! It makes me tremble to think of it."

"You do not understand it even yet," he replied.

As she walked by her lover's side she could not help feeling the contrast. Who would ever—who could ever love her as this man did? Who in the whole wide world, she thought, had ever been so loved except herself? The memory of his words thrilled her; they stirred the inmost depths of her soul. How he loved her, this handsome, noble hearted man! His very heart, his soul and life, seemed wrapped up in her.

Even as she felt these things she could not help noticing the difference. When she crossed the lawn with Sir Owen she had met nothing but bows, smiles, glances of admiration, ill concealed envy and wonder. Now that she was once again with Felix no one noticed her, no one spoke to her. It was like being in a different world.

Sir Owen had been asked to play croquet and had refused. He had taken a bird's-eye view of the party—four old maids and a hopeless school-girl. It was not in his line, he assured Mrs. Hunter. He would not engage himself in any particular way; he would only linger and wait, watching for the next glimpse of the beautiful face that had set his heart and brain on fire.

He saw her at last, standing with Felix watching the players at lawn-tennis, and the next moment he was by her side. Lady Rolfe, eyeing him, whispered to Mrs. Hunter—

"Sir Owen seems to be infatuated with Violet Haye. Some one should tell him she is engaged. Dear Mrs. Hunter, would you mind saying that I should like to speak to him?" And she smiled a well satisfied smile when she saw the Vicar's wife deliver her message.

"You wished to speak to me," said Sir Owen, approaching Lady Rolfe with an air of ill-concealed impatience.

She saw that he looked annoyed, and had recourse to her favorite weapon—flattery.

Ungraciously he took a seat by her side. She saw him look with angry eyes at Felix and Violet; but Lady Rolfe was a woman with a purpose. It took much to daunt her.

"I have no views," he declared angrily. "I am quite tired of people with views."

"Clever men are all alike," remarked her ladyship, and his face softened a little at the words. "At least we have had a beautiful day," she said, "and beautiful music."

He could not deny it, or he would have done so. She continued—

"This is the first time that you have met your new friends and neighbors together. Do you like them?"

"They are very much like other people," he sneered.

"You are sarcastic," cried her ladyship. "It is very wrong, but I really adore sarcasm."

His face relaxed just a trifle more. She watched him intently. He was worth some trouble; for as soon as he had entered the neighborhood she had resolved upon marrying her daughter to him.

"There are some nice girls here," said her ladyship—"some very pretty girls—Violet Haye for one."

Then his face brightened. She had touched on a happy theme at last.

"Violet Haye is quite the queen of the *fete*," she continued. "There are few, if any, who can compare with her."

"There is not one," he said; and in her heart her ladyship disliked him for the words.

"Perhaps you are right," she allowed calmly. "I do not really know who could really be said to be like her. She is a fortunate girl too. She has no great fortune and no connections, yet she is engaged to be married to that handsome young Mr. Lonsdale."

"Engaged to marry him?" cried Sir Owen, with an angry scowl. "A girl like that engaged to marry the son of a man who has been tried for perjury, or forgery, or something of the kind!"

Lady Rolfe laughed lightly, and touched him on the arm with her fan.

"Nay, nay; it was not so bad as that. Poor Mr. Lonsdale was innocent enough; but she is to marry his son—the wedding-day is fixed, and they will be a very handsome pair. She will marry him, I hear, in the spring."

"That accounts for it," he said, and the heavy black moustache drooped over as cruel lips as were ever seen on a man's face.

"Accounts for what?" asked Lady Rolfe, with a great assumption of innocence.

"Oh, nothing in particular! But I thought he seemed to consider that he had some kind of right to her?"

And then, looking at him, Lady Rolfe saw a stern, cruel, set expression settle on his face.

"So they are to be married in the spring, are they?" he asked slowly. "I suppose this young Lonsdale is very proud of her?"

"What a question to ask me, Sir Owen! He is a man, and has eyes. I should not think it would be possible to tell how much he loved her."

"Does she care for him?" he asked quickly.

"Dear me, yes. Care for him! Why, it is a love match *par et simple*. She cares very much for him and for no one else besides."

He asked no more questions, but Lady Rolfe, still watching him intently, saw that the set, firm look deepened every moment on his face. She could not tell whether she had done right or wrong. She had told him that the girl was engaged and that it was quite useless for him to think of her; but what did that look mean? Like every one else who had any part in naming Violet Haye to Sir Owen that day, she had an uneasy feeling about it.

Sir Owen seemed to think that he had done all that was required of him. He rose from his seat, and left her ladyship with a bow.

"He will go to Lavinia now," thought Lady Rolfe. "He will waste no more time over Violet Haye."

But Lavinia beamed upon him in her superb costume of mauve silk all in vain—he passed her with a careless bow. The moments seemed to him hours before he should be near Violet Haye again.

It was well for his popularity that no one saw the lowering, angry expression of his face as he crossed the croquet-lawn.

"I would have her if I wanted her," he said to himself, "if every other man on earth laid claim to her, and if I had to fight them all."

Lady Rolfe had unconsciously done the very thing to defeat her own purpose. The fact which would have made Violet sacred to another man simply urged him on. It would be a triumph to win her, because so many others admired her; but it would be a double triumph if she was engaged to another man. Sir Owen often congratulated himself on his perfect freedom from what he was pleased to call "affected nonsense;" and he was never more free from it than in this case. If, besides winning Miss Haye for himself, he could add to that the triumph of making her break an engagement to another, it would be the greatest success of his life.

"She is beautiful enough to be a queen," he said, "and it would take a hundred lawyers to frighten me. A man with forty thousand a year ought to be able to do as he likes. If he cannot, what is the use of money?"

He went at once to Violet, and Felix, standing by her side, longed to lift him up in his strong arms and throw him over the bridge.

"Miss Haye," he said, quite ignoring the presence of her lover, "do you live here in Lilford?"

She appeared half frightened as she answered him—

"Yes—I live at the Limes."

His face cleared.

"I know it," he went on. "It is a pretty little place just outside Lilford. I have often admired it. Does your father hunt?"

"No—he is quite an invalid," replied Violet, half longing that Sir Owen would leave her, and half enjoying the distinction that his great notice of her brought.

"Ah, an invalid—very unfortunate! Not able to leave the house often, I suppose?"

"No—not often," replied the girl, looking at her lover's averted face.

"I shall be glad to see him sometime," said Sir Owen; "he has no objection to visitors, I suppose?"

"No," replied Violet; "he is pleased to receive any."

"Then, with his permission and yours, I will ride over to-morrow," said Sir Owen.

He waited for her reply. Violet made none. She was frightened at the expression on her lover's face.

"You do not say that I shall be welcome, Miss Haye," he added, impatiently.

She recovered herself. After all she was doing no wrong.

"We shall be pleased to see you, Sir Owen," she told him, with quiet dignity; and then the Baronet, finding there was no chance of further conversation with her, went away.

"My darling," cried Felix, "do not be at home to-morrow when he comes! I do not like him, Violet—he has a cruel bad face, and there is an evil light in his eyes. I do not like him, sweet."

"I wonder why he has paid me so much attention," she said, "and why he is coming to see us?"

But Felix was too wise to answer that question. He only clasped the little hand in his own. To him this girl, in her beauty and innocence, was little less than an angel.

"My white dove," he said—"my pure sweet love, never mind him! Promise me that when he or any other man comes to you with flattering words, you will say—'I am pledged to my lover—I am pledged to Felix Lonsdale.' Will you say that, Violet?"

"Yes, I will," she replied.

"Would that I could take you away from them all, and keep you safely under the shelter of my own great love, Violet! You will not be in to-morrow when he comes? Promise me, my darling—do you not see that I am half mad with jealousy?—promise me you will go out! If I know that to-morrow he would sit by your side, touch your hand, look into your beautiful face, I think that I should shoot him to-night!"

"Oh, Felix, what a dreadful thing to say!"

"Jealousy is like fire—it destroys all things," he said; "but I am foolish to be jealous. I have all faith in you, sweet—all faith. Say once again, 'I belong to you Felix.'"

The sun shone on her fair face as she raised it to his; the wind stirred the leaves as she said—

"I belong to you, Felix."

CHAPTER XII.

The *fete* was over, but people still talked of it—of the unexpected appearance of Sir Owen Chevenix and his admiration for beautiful Violet Haye. Violet had said but little at home; she had told her father that the Baronet intended to come to see him, and Francis Haye had looked up in bewilderment.

"Coming to see me!" he cried. "What is that for?"

He did not see the hot flush on his daughter's face. She knew well enough why he was coming.

"If it is about that right of road," he continued, "he may save himself the trouble, for I shall never give in—never."

"You will see what he is coming for when he comes," said Mrs. Haye; "there is nothing so absurd as guessing. I shall not believe it until I do see him."

Then after talking eagerly of his boundless wealth, the beauty of his estate, the number of his horses, Francis Haye exclaimed—

"And to think that he should come to see us!"

Violet remembered her promise; she knew that Sir Owen would probably call about one o'clock. Soon after noon she put on her garden hat, and, without saying a word, went out into the woods where no one could see her, and no servant could be sent after her. She sat there thinking—thinking of how Felix loved her, and how sweet it was to be loved—telling herself that she would not exchange his love for the world.

Why did he dislike Sir Owen so much? Why was he so anxious for her to be away during the Baronet's visit? She had never loved Felix better than she did that morning, as she sat thinking of him; her heart warmed to him—his great love had touched her at last. She would not go back home until after two; the Baronet could not prolong his visit beyond an hour, she thought.

As she entered the house she saw her mother watching eagerly for her at the dining-room window. She went to her at once. The moment she opened the door she heard the Baronet's voice.

"Good morning, Miss Haye. I was just saying that, after my long ride over, I would not go away without seeing you, if I had to stop here until midnight."

She looked up at him in simple surprise.

"I thought that it was my father you wanted to see, Sir Owen."

He laughed; he was somewhat disconcerted at her answer.

"Did you not see that that was my excuse for coming to see you?" he said.

Violet turned away, while Francis Haye and his wife looked at each other. The Baronet sat down again, nor did he leave until long after three. He talked of all kinds of things which he thought would interest Francis Haye. His least word was listened to with intense admiration by those children of Mammon. Then, after promising to send grapes and choice fruits, after offering all kinds of favors, he went away. Violet was compelled to go to the garden gate with him. He asked her, and Mrs. Haye answered for her.

"What a good natured friendly neighbor!" said Francis Haye, as he, with his wife, watched the Baronet mount his horse.

His wife turned to him with a face that quivered with agitation.

"He is worth forty thousand a-year—forty thousand! If you are a wise man, you will not say one word, Francis Haye—not one word; if you do, you will spoil it all."

So when Violet returned, half dreading the debate that she felt sure must follow, there was no reference made to the Baronet or his visit, save that, in general terms, her father expressed himself much gratified. The only perceptible difference was that the girl's parents treated her with even greater deference and affection than before.

That night—it was a lovely night in May—Violet, sitting with her parents, heard a signal that she knew well.

There was a quick beating of her heart, a thrill ran through her veins—Felix was outside.

"How the leaves tap the window!" said Mrs. Haye. "It is growing late; we will have the shutters closed."

Violet hastened away, ostensibly to see that her mother's wishes were obeyed, but in reality to see if Felix were outside.

How lovely the night was! The world lay calm and smiling under the light of the moon; the soft breeze brought the scent of the pink hawthorn in the hedges, of the clover in the meadows, of the violets in the woods. Violet went quietly out, and there, by the great lilac bushes, stood Felix. She had no time to remonstrate, for he had clasped her in his arms as though nothing but death could part them.

"Did I frighten you, sweet? I hope not—I have but five minutes to spare."

"Will you not come into the house, Felix?" she asked.

"No. I have but five minutes, and I want to spend them with you. I ought not to have run over, but I could not help it—I could not rest. I want to know whether you saw that man to-day, and what he said to you. Yes, I know," he continued, "that I am jealous. Never mind that, sweet. Jealousy is a consuming fire. I could not rest, I could not sleep. I have tasted no food—my very life has seemed to be leaving me. I felt that I must run over, that I must hold you in my arms, kiss your lips, hear you say that you love me, or the fire would destroy me."

Once more his great love mastered her—once more the mighty passion in him seemed to make her strong and noble by example.

"Tell me about it, sweet," he said.

Looking into his handsome face, his loveliest eyes, she could not say many words which would hurt him.

"There is little to tell you, Felix," she replied. "I went soon after twelve; I did not return until after two. Then he was still here. He went away soon afterwards."

"Did he talk much to you, Violet?"

"No; he talked to my father," she answered.

He drew her nearer to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A covetous desire in the heart of youth is the germ from which may spring a poison tree, whose atmosphere is pestilential and the taste of whose fruit is death.

The best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiæ of the social virtues.

There are no little enemies: people either hate you with their whole hearts, or they do not hate you at all. This hating a little is like blowing up a powder-mill a little, for all know it can't be done.

ANACHRONISMS IN SHAKESPEARE.—Among the curiosities of literature, the anachronisms of Shakespeare form an interesting feature. In "Troilus and Cressida," the scene of which is laid at the siege of Troy, about 1184 B. C., *Hector* refers to young men whom Aristotle thought unfit to hear moral philosophy. Aristotle was born about 384 B. C., 800 years after the siege of Troy. In the play of "Coriolanus" *Titus Lartius*, addressing *Coriolanus*, says: "Thou wast a soldier even to Cato's wish." Cato was born about 200 years after the death of Coriolanus, which occured about 490 B. C. *Menenius Agrippa*, in the same play, refers to Alexander the Great, and Galen, the former of whom was born 356 B. C., and the latter A. D. 130. Striking clocks are alluded to in "Julius Cæsar," and spectacles in "King Lear." Cannons are spoken of in "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King John." As cannons were first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, and the scenes and events of these plays belong to the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, the anachronisms are very striking. Modern coins, clocks and a nunnery are spoken of in the "Comedy of Errors," the scene of which is laid in the ancient city of Ephesus.

THE PUPPYISM OF THE PAST.—In looking back at the history of puppyism, one is compelled to admit that the men of fashion of the present generation are a more manly set than their prototypes of half a century ago. In these days there are no Brummels who employ two glovers to clothe their dainty hands—one artist for the thumbs and another for the fingers and backs; no Alvanleys, Petershams and Mildmays, who make their blacking with champagne, or require three hair-dressers to arrange their hair—one for the top-knot, one for the side curls, and one for the "back hair." Early in the present century such disgusting fopperies as these were affected by the English dandies, of whom the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was the leader. Citizens of three score can remember the time when the "Brummel tie," and the "Petersham coat" were "the rage." Nay, more—after the Prince Regent took to wearing stays to conceal his growing corpulency, and his parasites, fat and lean, followed his example, the corset known as the "Regent's belt," became fashionable among dandies.

GREEK AND ROMAN ARMIES.—The Greek phalanx consisted of 8,000 men, arranged in a square battalion, with shields joined and spears crossing each other. The Macedonian phalanx was formed sixteen men deep, with shields joined. The Roman legion consisted of 5,000 men, divided into ten cohorts, each cohort into six centuries, with a vexilum or standard, guarded by ten men. In a Roman army, the first line were Hastati, or young men; the second, Principes, or middle aged; the third, Triarii, or veterans. The light troops for skirmishing were called Velites. The latter were armed with bows and slings and seven javelins. The former a two edged sword, buckler and helmet. Attached to every Roman legion was an ala, or wing, of 300 horse in ten turmæ, or groups. The commander of the legion was a perfectus; of the cohort, a tribune; and of the centuries, or hundred, a centurion. The standard was a silver eagle on the top of a spear.

OLD TIME FANS.—The fans used in olden times, in Egypt, India, China, Greece, and Italy, could not be folded. Those of feathers were half circles, half-oval, or had the form of the pheasant's tail; those of silk, wool, bamboo, ivory, or leaves were round, square, octagonal, formed like plane-tree-leaves, or colocasia-leaves. Some had long handles, such as those of the Egyptians; others, ornamented with small handles, resembled hand-screens. It is not known at what epoch the folded fan was first brought into use, but its invention is probably due to the Japanese, as one of their gods, who presides over happiness, is represented with a folded fan in his hand. We have reason to believe that in China, as well as in Egypt, fans were used in wars as rallying-points, or standards. The first fans were of feathers; but they were made afterward of smooth white silk, or of tissues of embroidered silk.

REVIVING OLD COSTUMES.—Some of the best families in Wales, are setting a reform in dress, most picturesque, but becoming. Many of the principal families in Swansea have dressed their grown-up daughters in the old Welsh costume. The bodice, the "bed-gown," and petticoat are all made of the best Welsh flannel, the petticoat being looped back in true orthodox fashion. The dress is short, reaching to the ankle, and white linen cuffs up to the elbow, and the cockleshell hat completes the picturesque costume, which is rapidly coming into use in Wales amongst the best families, and giving a much-needed impulse to the Welsh flannel trade.

HISTORY OF THE CORSET.—The corset had its origin in Italy, and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. Mary Stuart and Diane de Poitiers did not, however, follow the fashion, but it was at once admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure, and was, therefore, adopted by them. The corset was in those days in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a knight's cuirass. The frame was entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. Most of its improvements are due to comparatively recent times.

CURIOUS CHURNING.—The Guachos of South America put the horse to an ingenious use. When the milkman comes in the morning and is asked for the butter ordered, he will perhaps say that he has not made it yet. Back he clambers on his horse, where he sits surrounded by his milk cans, and on he trots. Presently he dismounts, opens his cans, skims the butter off the top of each, puts it into a cloth, mounts again, and trots about selling his milk as he goes along. After a few hours he returns and hands in the butter; and not bad butter either when it is salted and settled up.

GRASSHOPPERS IN EUROPE.—In 873 Europe underwent a visitation of grasshoppers far worse than what has been experienced here. They are referred to in Spanish and German monastic archives, and are described as having hidden the sun, and devoured crops of one hundred acres in one hour. After devastating France, they were supposed to have perished in the Atlantic.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., have published "All Around the House, or How to Make Homes Happy," by Mrs. H. W. Beecher, containing a world of information respecting home duties, recipes for all kinds of toothsome dishes, and advice of the best kind. It is a pretty volume of 461 pages, bound in gilt and ornamented cloth, and is sold at $1.75.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., also publish among their collection of foreign authors, No. XIII, "Remorse," a novel from the French of Th. Bentzon; a very entertaining story, contained in a book of 216 pages. Paper cover, price 50 cents; cloth $1.

The same firm also publish in their "New Handy Volume Series" two stories, "Mrs. Jack," by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and "John O'Dreams." Both of these pocket volumes are interesting, and are sold at the usual price of 20 and 30 cents a volume. All of the above volumes are for sale by our well known city publishers, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, publish and send us "The Boy Trapper," by Harry Castleman; a story of absorbing character for boys, and profusely illustrated. It is a neat volume of 300 pages, bound in stamped cloth; price $1.25.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, publish "The House by the Woods," by Edward Garett, a story of power and feeling. It is a handsome volume of 354 pages, bound in colored and stamped cloth.

The same firm publish "Mildred Keith," by Martha Finley (Martha Farquharson), a little story of 340 pages, told with very much art. It is neatly bound in colored and stamped cloth.

The same firm also publish "Tecumseh" and "The Shawnee Prophet," by Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelys, containing some of the most romantic passages in American history, written for the benefit of young people. It is interesting, as a matter of course. 332 pages; illuminated cloth; price $1.25. All the above works of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., are to be obtained from Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city.

Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Co., of Boston, send us their beautiful publication, "The Vision of Echard," and other poems, by Whittier. These poems are all fine, and the book is a fine specimen of art, containing 131 pages, bound in fine gilt cloth, and sold at the price of $1.50.

The same firm publish "The Bodleys on Wheels," a book of adventure and fun for young people, full of the choicest illustrations, some of them really masterpieces. It is bound in unique style, with illuminated cover, and really is a holiday attraction.

The same firm issue another of their acceptable artist biographies, "Van Dyck," in similar size and binding as its predecessors, and sold like them at the low rate of 50 cents. It is a most interesting biography.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

It takes more than one to get the good out of a laugh.

If thou canst tolerate a liar, thou art half a liar thyself.

A punctual man can always find leisure and a negligent one never.

Those who never retract, love themselves better than the truth.

Those usually deserve most from their friends who expect least of them.

Many pride themselves on being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf, get along together admirably.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

All men think well of themselves, but some of them have a queer way of manifesting it.

Whatever is is right, if only men are steadily bent to make it so by fulfilling its design.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than we are through our good qualities.

Evil ministers of good things are like torches—a light to others, a waste to themselves only.

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, the latter elevating him for a fall.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become friends.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are two different things.

None worship the modern golden calf so deferentially and devoutly as those who are doing their utmost to melt him.

A body guard may imply honor or restraint. Good manners combine both, and make us at once princes and prisoners.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 12, 1878

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

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A BEAUTIFUL HAND.

From time immemorial beautiful hands have been held to be the badge of aristocracy, and a person with a slender, smooth, and shapely white hand, let that person be as vulgar as possible, is seldom considered to be vulgar without hope.

In the country there are few people whose ancestors, as far back as their great-grand parents, have been always exempt from some sort of hard work; and, indeed, our general diffusion of comfort has depended in great measure upon every one doing something; and the women of the land, except for the small minority, are universally employed in sewing, housework, writing, or handling goods; even those who teach choose some of the first, so that we do not very often inherit any peculiar whiteness or smallness of hand to begin with.

Although the small hand is desirable, the beautiful hand is not always necessarily small; symmetry and whiteness, not size, are to be the determining features of its beauty. It is to be long and narrow, and no bone in it to show with a reminder of its osseous construction; and it is to be set with dimples, more choice and lovely than jewels. The fingers are to taper without the enlargement of a single joint on the way, and the nails are to be rosy, round, and unmarked, and exactly as long as the finger tips.

But there is a hand which is large, red, and bony—a hand which is masculine rather than feminine, and which we have often blessed. The truly beautiful hand is not necessarily the white, dimpled hand, but the hand outstretched to assist fellow sufferers, to repulse wrong and dishonor, to receive whatsoever is good, to turn its many joints to good and not evil use, to be a good right hand, not only a necessity but a solace. Ministering angels possess such hands, and the touch of such a hand upon the brow of the sufferer is a divine sedative. When the soul guides the hand it is beautiful indeed.

A PICTURE entitled "October Carpet on the Meadows," as seen on the line of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, approaching Atlantic City, has been painted from nature by Mr. F. De B. Richards, as seen by him in October of last year, and is now on exhibition in the windows of Messrs. Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Twelfth and Chestnut streets. Mr. Richards painted a somewhat similar picture last year, but this one has just been finished upon an order from the Camden & Atlantic Railroad. It is but just to say that although the colors are very rich, they are not exaggerated, and are true to nature. The meadows are now turning red, and it is believed that by next Saturday they will appear in their brightest colors. The sight is one worthy of a visit.

OF course the verdict of the visiting club was that Americans know nothing about cricket. Our Philadelphia club easily scored 249 against the Australians 206, and that as a draw game. The merits of the play are about equal; but our guests, we must say, did not behave with that courtesy and philosophy which always characterize Englishmen or those of English descent. The Australian team did wonderfully well. It is said their fielding was phenomenal. Our young crew did even better in the long run. Base ball is our national game, and it needs pluck, nerve, muscle and all the mind and body of the player, and no one who can play base ball scientifically, will be ever afraid of cricket.

AMERICA will succeed by force of arms if not by force of pure intellect, for it seems the athletic element of our country is a perfect match for the powers of all Europe. Boat racing, rifle shooting, and cricket are all being studied in this country as sciences. The only trouble is, we are not precocious regarding art. A nation possessing the sense, wisdom, and energy of the Americans ought to do more to stimulate real talent in our midst, and make a national school of art.

UNDER the supplemental charter of the University of London, empowering the Senate to admit women to graduate in its several faculties, the Senate has passed a resolution, which has been approved by the Home Secretary, making all the existing regulations relating not only to graduation but also to the various honors and rewards granted at the several examinations, open to female as well as male candidates.

THE Yankee who traditionally has sat upon a fence whittling a stick with a big penknife, has invented a School of Wood Carving in Boston. A large room is provided with seats and benches, and a certain space is appropriated to each whittler. The pupils are boys, and the sessions are held in the evening.

NATURE made nothing in vain. Lizards are very useful for the destruction of vermin in the tropics, and when a house is hired one requirement is always made that the proprietor shall stock it with lizards if not already stocked. In some houses lizards will not remain, much to the annoyance of the tenants.

THE record of the daily news seems to show the unfortunate condition of society and affairs—accidents by the thousand, bankruptcies, crimes of fearful character, misery and cruelty everywhere. These are the dregs of hard times. We must thank God for indications of a brighter season.

THE moral of the Princess Alice disaster on the Thames, is that the man who was steering that unfortunate excursion boat at the time of the collision, was an inexperienced waterman, who had never steered anything larger than a tug-boat before that fatal night.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SNAKES climb trees in a certain part of Pennsylvania. A dozen of them have been killed, the longest of which measured seven feet. They have flat heads, green spots on the skin, wild eyes, tongues resembling flame, and a species of rattle at the tail, which can be heard for some distance.

IF words be made of breath, and breath of life, there is nothing a nation can hold more dear than its own tongue. Its laws, its rulers may change, its privileges and charters be wrenched from it, but that remains as an heirloom—the first gift to the child, the last and dearest treasure of the man.

THE decision lately rendered by the jury in a case against a life insurance company in New Jersey is significant. The payment of the policy on a husband's life was resisted by the company on the ground that he forfeited the policy by committing suicide. The verdict was decided against the company.

IT is proposed to make very important alterations in the Paris Conservatoire, in order to separate the two special characteristics of the famous school. Music and the drama are, it is proposed, each to be placed in the hands of a separate President, and to have a staff of Professors and Directors to itself. The matter will be fully discussed when the Chambers reopen.

SO many men are thrust into grooves for which they are unfitted in this life that it is no wonder that "time is out of joint," and that there are so many failures. It is to be hoped that the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" may prove a true one, for it is not to be expected that weak people—mortals weak in purpose, morals, and intellect—have the least chance in the world.

AMID all the whirl and excitement of summer travel, few really enjoy the scenes they visit with that calm satisfaction with which they look back upon their vacation after it is over, with all the poetry of retrospection. The dust, the fatiguing railroad journeys, the inconveniences of little rooms in crowded hotels, the anxiety about trunks and carpet bags, the absence of city comforts, all these are forgotten when we arrive at home; and in the coziness of home, in the light of an argand burner, and in the gleam of a November hearth, remember the Summer—its woods and mountains, its glades, its lakes, and the great blue stretch of its ocean. Memories of such events are sweeter than pictures.

A NATIVE of the Philippine Islands lately picked up a piece of wood, which was washed upon the beach, containing the words "ot Boston." This strange drift is supposed to be a relic of the fated "City of Boston," a steamship plying between New York and Liverpool, and which was lost at sea some years ago. No trace of the missing steamer was ever found. Some suppose her boilers burst, and that she sank like a shot, leaving not even a floating spar to tell the fate. The piece of wood found is apparently a portion of a boat, and the words "of Boston" are indeed suggestive of the name "City of Boston," especially as there is a break just before the word "ot," the first part of the inscription having been torn off. Still this may not relate to the missing steamship at all, but to some other vessel lost at sea.

A PHYSICIAN writes, recommending every one to learn something about the pulse, to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; so that, by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. An infant's pulse is 140, a child of seven about 80, and from twenty to sixty it is 79 beats a minute, declining to 60 at fourscore. A healthful grown person's pulse beats 70 times in a minute; there may be good health down to 60: but if the pulse always exceeds 70 there is a disease; there is fever or inflammation somewhere and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption when the pulse is quick—that is, over 70—gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over 70 for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

THE time is far distant when out of a hundred different statements of contemporaries some calm biographer will extract sufficient material for a true picture of any hero or prominent man, and meanwhile all that each can do is to give fearlessly his own honest impressions, and so tempt others to give theirs. Of the multitude of different photographers, each perchance may catch some one trait without which the whole portraiture would have remained incomplete, and the time to secure this is now, while his features are fresh in our minds. It is a daring effort, yet it needs to be made. Boswell's reminiscences of Johnson are finer in this particular respect than the studied researches of modern writers to take the great bulky genius up and hold him forth for the criticism of this scientific epoch, as though he were some uncouth specimen or fossil relic. Better far the actual delineation of the great man and his contemporaries, by the pencil of a Boswell, than this iconoclasm of the present.

THE Philadelphia Numismatic and Antiquarian Society is desirous of securing anything in the way of old coins and curiosities in that line.

The marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaretha of Prussia will be celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in February.

HOW TO ACQUIRE FLESH.

The Turks are not the only people who consider a deficient quantity of flesh fatal to comeliness. Moreover, a moderate amount of fat is esteemed by physiologists a sign of good health, and it is commonly laid down that the adipose tissue ought to form about the twentieth part of the weight of a man, and the sixteenth of a woman. Aside from the important function of fat as a non-conducting substance impeding the too rapid escape of animal heat, it may obviously be regarded as a store of material to compensate for waste under illness or other circumstances entailing abstinence from food. No doubt climatic conditions are largely accountable for the leanness characteristic of the American people; but the question arises how far the absence of a moist, equable climate may be counteracted by a diet organized on physiological principles. This question is answered in the affirmative by Dr. T. Duncan in a little essay just published in Chicago, and entitled, "How to Be Plump."

No doubt there is such a thing as a natural imperfection in the faculty of assimilating fats. There are some persons, for example, whose stomachs will not tolerate oleaginous matters at all, and others who never fail to suffer from bilious derangement by their use. It is worth noting that these conditions are usually associated with an anxious and nervous character, with more than average mental susceptibility and activity. For the most part, leanness in such cases must be held incorrigible. There is, however, a much larger class whose want of adipose tissue is in no sense congenital, and for whose particular behoof this little treatise seems to have been written. To what is leanness owing in persons whose stomachs will bear any quantity of fat with impunity? Here, plainly, oleaginous matter is either not assimilated at all, but passes unchanged through the system, or if it is taken up, it is disposed of as fast as it is deposited, so that accumulation is frustrated. The latter phenomenon occurs in healthy persons who take inordinate physical exercise, or are mentally worried, and who, while such conditions subsist, would acquire fat under no system of diet whatever. In this case, the proper treatment is sufficiently indicated by a statement of the depressing cause. Dr. Duncan has chiefly addressed himself to those who would be plump if they could, and who, when properly directed, might easily take on the right amount of adipose tissue, but who have either excluded fat making food from their dietary or have failed to fully assimilate it.

In the diet suggested by the writer to those desirous of arresting a tendency to leanness, much stress is laid upon the importance of water. As a rule, spare people explain, if questioned on the subject, that they "take very little water," that they "don't take a drink of water once a month," or "only drink during hot weather," etc. The fact is, however, that in the normal human subject water constitutes about seventy per cent. of the entire weight of the body. Water is not only universally present in all the tissues of the animal frame, but it is especially abundant in the blood and the secretions, where its existence in due quantity is indispensable to the right performance of their functions. If the water of tendons, skin, etc., happens to be deficient, those tissues become shrivelled and yellowish in appearance, which accounts for the sallow looks of lean people. It is certain that many cases of dyspepsia are due to lack of water, and that constipation is often cured by a pint or two of water taken between meals. Headache, too, is not seldom relieved by increasing the fluidity of the blood, and functional palpitation of the heart can be mitigated by enlarging the volume of the circulating fluid. In view of these and other facts, the author recommends thin people to drink a good deal of water, say about half a pint four times a day, namely early in the morning, next about 10 A. M., then about 4 P. M., and again before going to bed. When there is a disposition to constipation, a pinch of salt should be added the morning draught. It is scarcely necessary to say that in no case should cold water be taken at meals, for the simple reason that the stomach is then at its highest functional activity, and is retarded or deranged by a reduction of temperature. Warm fluids, on the other hand, like milk and tepid water, facilitate the solution of food and hasten assimilation. We know that milk is largely digested below the stomach, from the fact that infantile digestion is chiefly intestinal, and accordingly milk is pointed out as an excellent article of food to promote the fattening process.

Next to water, starch is the largest element taken into the body, twelve ounces per day being absorbed by the normal subject. Besides its calorific function, starch is converted by the secretions, first into dextrine or gum, and next into grape sugar. In the latter form it enters the circulation, and helps to swell the cells, and, according to Hoppe, the quantity of sugar thus present in the blood assists that metamorphosis by which fat is generated from albuminous compounds. That sweets aid in the fattening process is well attested by experience. In sugar growing countries, for instance, the negroes and cattle employed on the plantations are observed to grow remarkably stout while the cane is being gathered and the sugar extracted. We may cite also an age-long custom in the Orient, where the women of the harem are fattened against a certain day by feeding them freely with honey and black bread. Whatever may be the proper explanation, it seems to be established that saccharine matter powerfully furthers the deposit of adipose tissue. It follows that for ladies who, to borrow Tennyson's phrase, are "somewhat spare of flesh," a box of bonbons may be not so much a dainty as a necessity.

Passing to animal food, we find that Dr. Duncan enjoins the use of oysters as a feature of the daily diet, reminding us that this bivalve contains more than eighty per cent. of water, or nearly the same proportion found in milk. If meats are desired they should be taken in the form of thin soups, bouillon, or consomme. But vegetables must constitute the largest share of the nourishment designed to accelerate the fattening process. Dr. Fothergill has affirmed that a strict vegetable diet produces exuberant fat more certainly than any other means. Of certain Brahmins in India, who pride themselves upon their extreme corpulency, esteeming it a proof of opulence, Dr. Ward tells us that their food consists exclusively of farinaceous vegetables, milk, sugar, sweetmeats and "ghee," or clarified butter. One word as to a preliminary effect not unlikely to follow from the system of nourishment here advised. There is no doubt that a certain distention of the abdomen, or what is commonly known as "bloating," is apt to be the first step in the acquisition of flesh. This is anything but comfortable, of course, and some persons are tempted to give over their scheme of physiological feeding upon observing this species of *embonpoint*. But we are assured by the author, with all the gravity and earnestness which the subject calls for, that the phenomenon is transient, that the abnormal enlargement soon gives way, and is succeeded by plump bodies, rounded limbs, and full, smooth faces.

Theodore Tilton, who has just returned from Europe, left his daughters Alice and Florence to finish their studies in Germany, the one being devoted to painting and the other to music.

Mrs. Mackay, wife of the bonanza king, has a sapphire which was once the property of a Russian prince, and which cost her $150,000. It is an inch in diameter. Her pearl necklace cost $100,000, and her coral set cost $15,000.

THE EASTERN GIPSIES.

Independent and savage, unrecognised by the people in whose midst he lives, and whose society and civilization he has ever learnt to shun, the Ottoman gipsy—of whom there are some two hundred thousand souls, and who will in most respects stand for his race all over the world—has neither political nor literary history of his own, and is at once the most brutal and degraded of all the wandering races. Religious because it suits his convenience to be so, submissive to law because he fears punishment, he leads a wild and wretched life, scarcely earning by his industry the wherewithal to satisfy even the most frugal demands of nature. Yet secure in his tent he defies the world, and hates with an undying enmity all strangers to his race. Even those gipsies who have abandoned tents for fixed dwellings have but little ameliorated their condition, and are no less heartily despised on that account. Their superficial religion, their inclination to theft, their skill in deception, cause them to be distrusted wherever they may chance to settle, and exclude them forever from participation in the benefits of a more civilized state of society.

To deal firstly with the veritable wandering gipsy, who knows no settled home, whose tents dot the sunny landscapes of European Turkey, Roumania, and Asia Minor, who is here one day and there the next, the question arises, whither goeth he and whence cometh he? We shall see.

About the middle of April, sooner or later according to the season, he quits his winter's residence, and begins to roam the surrounding country. Some of his kind descend from the north of the Balkan mountains in Turkey and pass into Asia Minor; others mount where their brethren descended, only to return about the commencement of October; whilst some confine themselves, in their migrations, to one single province, where they know the wants of all and are known by all.

When cold and frost cut short their wanderings, and warn them to beat a retreat, they unfailingly return to their old quarters, where in the vicinity of some open spring they dream away the wintry hours. Sometimes they enliven the monotony of this season by a clandestine hunt, but it is more from a desire to rob with impunity than from any wish to nourish themselves on the game they thus slay.

With black shaggy hair, bronzed weather-beaten face, and dark brilliant eyes, the stalwart Mussulman gipsy is by far the best type of his race. He detests and distrusts all but the dwellers in tents. Although familiarized with village life, and often half frozen under his frail covering, he prefers to die beneath his well-patched canvas, to living restricted by the narrow walls and low ceiling of a chamber. Nothing ever seems to rouse the stolid indifference of one of this race. He lives and dies as a beast. The habits of his civilized neighbors, the garments of their women, the cleanliness of their houses and children, and their usually happy appearance, all have no effect whatever upon him. At night time he retires to his tent to rest, and everything he has seen is forgotten or looked upon as an idle dream; and he works mechanically on from day to day, without the slightest desire to enter into the joyous stream of life with which he finds himself surrounded.

Some few of his kind are so poor as to be unable to purchase even a tent, and these are compelled to dwell as they best may in hollow tree-trunks or chasms in the rocks; whilst others have wooden bark covered cabins, which they remove from place to place, on unwieldy wagons, drawn by from ten to a dozen oxen at a time. Some work in iron, some are basket and sieve makers. They are often oppressed, and seldom if ever find defenders. Books and newspapers are quite unknown to them, and the commonest of domestic utensils find no place in their tiny tents. About their origin they know little, though the prophet Job, they say, taught their ancestors the trade they now follow; and they have some slight suspicion that they formerly came from Persia to the country they at present occupy.

The term they know one another by is *Rom*, the title which binds the whole of the widely scattered nomad tribes together. Their language itself is styled Romany.

There is not the slightest allusion to a deity in any of their most ancient songs and legends, and they have no religious observance peculiar to themselves alone. They have but one festival, during which for three whole days they abandon themselves to feasting and merriment. The fatted lamb is slain by those who can afford it, the tent decorated with flowers, and passers by freely invited to join their repast; all litigations and legal processes are temporarily adjourned, and their annual tax is then paid to the Turkish government. One branch of their race, the *Zapari*, are the most ferocious of their kind. They are to be found at the village fetes and large fairs, whither they go to earn a few coins by the display of their dancing bears or performing monkeys. Some few of them are blacksmiths in winter. The Zapari are all Mussulmans; and from their ranks the Sublime Porte finds its supply of hangmen. They form quite a distinct class of themselves, being held in abhorrence even by their savage brethren. Outcasts of outcasts, they stop short of no crime, and are fitting companions for the much talked of Bashi Bazouks or wild marauders of the late disastrous war.

But now to turn to the renegade or housed gipsy. Still retaining the inherent desire for liberty so common to his race, he avails himself of his dwelling as a shelter only by night, traversing the streets by day, tricked out in dirty gaudy clothing, or seated with wife and family just without the threshold of his hut, there frittering the precious hours away. His children, if sent to school at all, are only dispatched there to be out of the way, and his home is as devoid of furniture and well nigh as comfortless as the ragged tent of his more Esau like brother. Little by little he forgets his old language, but not his vicious habits, and very often ends by intermarrying with some poor Greek family whose members are as lazy and apathetic as himself.

Their language—descended from the old Sanscrit—has besides giving the only real clue to their origin, also shed some rays over the dark period between the first emigration of the gipsies from India and their appearance in Europe. Originally the distinct mode of speech of a single and special border tribe of Northern India, it has, during the many wanderings of the race, appropriated words from nearly every country through which they passed; while on the other hand it lost many of its own words, and still more of its own inherent power and elegance; and much also of its resemblance to the mother tongue. These adopted foreign words, their relative number, and their more or less corrupted state, point plainly to the gipsies having passed from India first into Persia, to their having remained there a considerable time, and to their having wended their way to some Greek country, perhaps Asia Minor, and to their descent thence into their present European homes.

It is worthy of further remark, as proof of their Indian origin, that the speech of the English gipsies has been found on comparison most marvellously akin to that of the natives of Bombay, though some of their words have, strangely enough, entirely changed the meaning they at first possessed.

The speech of the gipsy is rude, sharp, strongly accentuated, and somewhat difficult to comprehend. Properly spoken it is harmonious enough, though rendered hoarse and almost distasteful by the wild tribes who employ it. "We speak," say they themselves, "as the birds sing, but we sing as the lions roar!" With them *pupa* signifies an apple, *cat* scissors, *rat* night, *Devil* God, whilst *dad* father, seems to be the only word exactly synonymous with any in our own language.

Heroic in suffering, the true Ottoman gipsy never sheds a tear. On his legs to the last, he only betakes himself to his couch when death is too surely nigh, and departs without a murmur from the life that has been so full of unhappiness and misery to him. Buried apart from the rest of humanity, and unwept even by his own, his low moral nature is apt to be forgotten in his sad end, though the unsuccessful efforts of more than one philanthropical society testify to the fact, that whatever else you may do with the Ottoman gipsy, you will never succeed in even partially civilizing him.

Strange Burial Orders.

Numerous cases have been recorded of eccentric personages who have exhibited their oddity of character in the arrangements for the final disposition of their remains. The obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1731 contains an account of the funeral of Mr. John Underwood, of Cambridgeshire. When the burial service was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed a piece of marble with an inscription in Latin, meaning, "I shall not all die." The six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sang the last stanza of the Second Book of the Latin poet Horace. No bell was tolled, none but the six gentlemen invited to the funeral (and no relation) followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased lay in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace; at his feet, Bentley's Milton; in his right hand a small Greek Testament, and in his left a miniature edition of Horace, and Bentley's Horace under his back. After the ceremony was over, they went back to his house, where his sister had provided a cold supper. After the cloth was taken away, the gentlemen sang the Thirty-first Ode of the First Book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass and went home about eight in the evening. He left nearly six thousand pounds to his sister, on condition of her observing this his will, ordering her to give each of the gentlemen ten guineas. He also specially desired they would not come in black clothes. The will ended thus: "When done, I would have them drink a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underwood."

From the same magazine we find that, on February 5th, 1751, were interred in Herefordshire, the coffin and remains of a farmer who died February 1st, 1721. He ordered by will that his estate, which was four hundred pounds a year, should be enjoyed by his two brothers, who were clergymen, and if they should die, to his nephew, till the expiration of thirty years, when he supposed he would return to life, and then it was to revert to him. He also ordered his coffin to be placed on a beam in the barn, locked, and the key enclosed, in order that he might let himself out. The brothers carried out his strange request, allowing him to remain in the barn four days longer than the time specified, when they interred him.

From the Beauties of England and Wales, we glean the next instance. One Mr. Tilly, of Cornwall, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He had by rote all the ribald jokes against religion and the Scripture, but the brilliancy of his wit carried him a degree further than is commonly met with in the annals of profaneness. In ridicule of the resurrection, he directed his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him bottles, glasses, pipes and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower, the dimensions of which he prescribed—where he proposed, he said, patiently to await the event. All this was done, and for many years the tower enclosing its tenant remained as a monument of his impiety.

In a Manchester (Eng.) museum is the mummy of a lady in a glass case, labelled, "The Mummy of Miss Beswick." She had felt herself called upon to memorialize her the condition annexed to the gift that she gratitude for the services of an eminent surgeon by a very large bequest, but with should be embalmed as perfectly as the resources of the art in London and Paris could accomplish.

In 1726, the remains of Margaret Cocsins, of Gravesend, were deposited in a mural monument above ground in Cuxton Church, Kent. In the monument was fitted a glass door, covered with a green curtain, and having a lock and key. The coffin, which is a mahogany one, rests upon trestles, and the lady was buried in a costly dress of scarlet satin.

An eccentric character named Pilkington was buried a few years ago near Doncaster, England, in his own garden, amid the graves of his rinderpest-stricken cattle. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip; and was placed in a stone coffin weighing upwards of a ton, which had to be lowered into the grave by means of a crane. His old pony was shot, and buried at his feet, and at his head were entombed the bodies of his favorite dog and an old fox. The deceased left the whole of his estate to his groom, on condition that the funeral arrangements were carried out according to his expressed wish.

In 1837, there died one Mr. John Guy, aged sixty-four. His remains were interred in a brick grave, and on the marble slab on the lid of the coffin is inscribed: "Here without nail or shroud, doth lie, or covered with a pall, John Guy." He was possessed of considerable property. His grave and coffin were made under his own direction more than a twelvemonth previous to his death; he wrote the inscriptions himself; gave the orders for his funeral; and wrapped in separate pieces of paper small amounts of money for each of the bearers. The coffin was very neatly made, and looked more like a piece of cabinet work for the drawing-room, than a receptacle for the dead.

Misers have on more than one occasion carried their characteristic penury into the arrangement for their interment. A Scotch miser was buried in the following curious manner: A short time before his death, which he hastened by excessive indulgence in ardent spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which order was actually carried into effect, the lid being made fast with hinges of cord; instead of going to the expense of a coffin plate his initials were cut in the lid. His shroud was made of a pound of wool. To avoid having to hire a pall, the coffin was covered with a sheet, and was carried by six men, to each of whom, according to the directions of the deceased, small sums was given. Also, by his particular desire, no one who followed him to the grave was attired in mourning. The undertaker had on a scarlet waistcoat and blue coat.

Another case was that of Thomas Pitt, an English miser. It is said that some weeks previous to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. Yet at his death he left some $18,000 in the public funds.

Potter, the man who has been wheeling a barrow across the continent, has reached California. He has deadheaded at saloons and hotels on the way, has traveled leisurely, and is satisfied with the enterprise, but he says it was a long time between drinks in the mountains.

Mrs. Langtry's beautiful nose is out of joint. Mrs. Wheeler, another Jersey woman, only recently resident in the Isle of Wight, is the new reigning beauty. She is a lady of the Langtry and languishing type, and is said to excel even the Jersey Lily in setting off her charms.

WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

When the black lettered list to the gods was presented,
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends)
At the long string of life a kind goddess relented,
And slipt in three blessings—wife, children and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass her ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heav'n with wife, children and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn in the form of wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and cherish
The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children and friends.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

Yes, he might have been kinder. My heart was very sore just then, and his want of sympathy was apparent; he considered the vague craving to think well of my wretched parent argued that I had no general or special horror of her errors, and showed a want of affection for himself, forgetting in the first place that my inexperience prevented my fully understanding him, or seeing as he saw, fresh from painful and degrading discoveries.

"You must not think that affection for you brought Mrs. Halse here," he said coolly.

The words were few, but they quenched my tears and covered my face with hot indignant blushes. I bent down to hide them, and in spite of what he had said, another strong tendril of affection branched out towards my despised mother.

"Why did she come, then? Do you mean that her income is insufficient?"

"Insufficient for her. But fear nothing now on that score. She will be amply provided for in the future if she holds no communication with any one belonging to me. I think she will not seek you again, since the moment she does she will forfeit her income. Sylvia, I know this is terrible for you, but I beseech you not to blind yourself to the fact that she is an utterly worthless woman."

"Worthless or not, I am her daughter. If money can keep her from evil, take care that she is well supplied with it. I am told that you have settled my property on me; please see that my mother's income is drawn from mine. I will not have her indebted to you."

Up to that time I had been as pliable in his hands as a twist of silk. From the moment we were engaged I had no other will than his, no other wish than the wish to please him. Now at a sound all the latent pride and passion of my nature sprang to the surface.

The next moment I bitterly repented what I had said; for he took the strictly masculine revenge of perfect silence, and turned and left me.

Something in my husband's face warned me that I had better delay speaking to him, even though I meant conciliation. I waited till his footsteps died away, feeling their echo in my heart. What could I be thinking of to quarrel with and offend him thus? True, I had suffered a bitter blow, and he might have given me gentler treatment; but he was still my idol, my king, in those days; and gradually even the dreadful recent discovery receded before the fear of having seriously displeased Denis.

The tide of feeling, once turned, flowed rapidly towards him; my special interest faded, my mind ranged itself on his side of the question. I imagined again what this infamy must be to one so proud and prejudiced. I recalled his agony when the idea first smote him, and very vividly remembered his thoughts on the subject of ill-starred alliances with disgraced families, the conversation concerning Alice Grant mocking me as to my former security. Sure of a kind, reassuring reply, I had asked if Denis would not have loved me if I had been as unfortunate as my friend. And I was answered by a terrible story about one of his friends who was disgraced by the daughter of a disgraced woman and died by his own hand.

The horror Denis most dreaded had come near him; he had unconsciously made the very marriage he would have shunned above all others. Could it be possible that in consequence he had already begun to think coldly of me? Oh, Heaven, no! He was too noble to change to me because, being enmeshed myself, I could not avoid involving him. Then I saw lying on the dim pavement the book over which we had clasped hands, and picked it up reverently, wiping from its covers traces of its fall. I was interrupted by a hesitating step outside. I thought it might be my husband, and ran to open the door. I heard steps on the gravel—the light of one of the windows was momentarily obscured; but on reaching the door no one was visible.

At the time I was only disappointed in my hope that Denis had sought me; but, if I had seen the person who during that morning had crouched beneath the low window, it might have altered our future lives.

And then I hurried home, and sought Denis where he sat, pale and silent, in the library, with his arms folded across his breast, his genealogical tree hanging on the opposite wall, and without even a word of penitence made my peace.

Well, my grief was real enough, Heaven knows, and I was very young; and Heaven was merciful, and granted me a natural way of exhibiting it. It is always so at first: and perhaps it is well, too, that as we penetrate farther into the labyrinth of life and sadness, our deeper griefs give fewer outward signs, and that from self-respect and pity for those around us we repress all that can be repressed, till sometimes the existence of such griefs is not credited. If we all wore our mourning outside, the world would be too sad a place. It is very right that those once past probationership should let a sigh replace a sob and a smile still oftener cover that.

CHAPTER X.

Two years passed.

I would not if I could tell much about those two years, which confirmed day by day the gradual estrangement of Denis and myself. My husband was very considerate, very kind and attentive even to watchfulness, but his heart went from me slowly but surely from the hour when he definitely realised that the woman calling herself Mrs. Halse was my mother.

It was vain for him to try painfully to retain the old pet names that he had gifted me with abundantly; it was vain to keep up as a task the old caressing manner. I felt insulted by his kisses, his affection was a hollow mockery, and our continual companionship was, I knew, irksome to him. The time was past, when to be together, to laugh, idle, and roam about was sufficient to keep sad lines from his face, where now infinite sadness, weariness, and impatience usurped the place of nobility. But time brought no healing for our smart but rather drew us further apart.

My love felt that it was thrown back upon itself; the knowledge that I was unwelcome made me reserved and embarrassed in his presence, and ease was quenched. He saw and deplored this; his remorseful pity almost broke my heart. I fled from his compassion to Jessa's sympathy and ardent devotion. Alas, I could not have had a worse counsellor!

Two years had passed thus; they were spent chiefly in foreign travel, in which occupation Denis's sense of justice procured me every possible distraction and amusement. He plunged into science, in which field he promised to rival even his father; I took to art, but had not a friend. A continual state of repression is no promoter of cordial manners, and when my best friend took back his affection I wanted that of no other person. By mutual consent we avoided England, and kept ourselves as free as possible from meeting old friends. I studied diligently the necessity of occupying my mind with anything rather than brooding memories, and the sense of unmerited disgrace gave a cold indifference to my manner, and doubled the sense of isolation customary to me, and which had never left me except for a few happy weeks.

My mother's name was never mentioned between us. I knew only that some share of our wealth was hers. She kept wholly aloof.

I believe Mr. and Mrs. Fernley were considered an exemplary pair, and respected far more than would have been the case with that once possible pair of foolish married lovers. Mr. Fernley's scientific tastes never interfered with his duties to his young wife, who on her side had none of the troublesome vivacity usually expected at her age. This happy and respected pair had now returned to England after two years of wandering, and found themselves one sultry July day on the road to Beechwood Manor.

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On the day after our return, towards evening, when dinner was over, and Denis, with the apology of business, had gone back to his private room, I took my hat and wandered into the grounds.

The sun had long set, and the hour was one of dim, dewy peace and silence. Everything had the strange, unreal aspect which gradually fading light often gives. Tree-stems looked ghostly; rising from the silvery gray background, they appeared to insist on an individuality which they never claimed by day. Here a decayed branching arm, divested of its leafy cover broke the mass of foliage to lean towards me with strange significance; again another twisted bough plainly beckoned and pointed to something invisible to me. At a little distance from the house a wide but sluggish stream flowed through the grounds. I paused by this where a few pollard willows fringed the banks and mixed their leaves with tall swaying bulrushes and flags. Along the dim water a mass of weeds and narrow gray floated slowly, which was stopped now and then by some concealed obstruction, and then drawn on by the pulsing current, went on its way languidly, leaving half its spoil behind.

My feet were among wild-flowers and seeded grass, through which the grasshoppers rustled with their dry piercing cry. Across the water lay the large red house, in a picturesque confusion of tall pointed roofs, belonging to different wings and frontages, all softened by the grayness of twilight and the richness of old gray-stone copings.

I pressed my hand to my heart and wondered why all this beauty was wasted on me; it was lovely, but I felt only its melancholy—and I was young to have such weariness of spirit. There were thousands of people to whom the moated grange would have given unmixed delight, but one corroding grief had poisoned pleasure at its very source. The sound of voices roused me. I turned, and saw one of the under-gardeners and his young wife coming towards me on their way home in the gloaming; they had been pointed out to me as a worthy and industrious young couple, and I was interested in their good looks and evident attachment. She had come to fetch him home, towards which they walked like lovers, talking lovers' talk. They passed on too engrossed to notice me, and I gazed after them and wished myself as lowly that I might be as happy. They, on their part, were envying Denis and me our power of increasing each other's content; they wanted only a few pounds of our spare cash to make this earth like heaven, and I wanted only my husband's affection to make earth bloom with roses.

Would this never again be mine? No—for the years that had passed had taught me that no purity of intention and life, no frantic grief had power to overcome his rooted prejudices. Our secret was between ourselves; I had nothing to fear from the world's discovery, or I would have broken my heart by severing the ties which bound it to his heart of stone and left him.

There from the oriel window twinkled the light from his study. I longed for the privilege to enter the room, meanwhile knowing what would be my reception if I ventured to do so—a start, a look of suddenly-checked distaste and annoyance, an instant rising to hear what I wanted, an alacrity to open the door when, rebuked and mortified, I moved towards it and left him to his beloved studies, to which, as I lingered outside, I have heard him walk back with a sigh of relief.

What sound is that which stirs the long grass? Is it the gardener and his wife? Strange that any one should be about the place at such an hour! Stranger still that this slowly-advancing figure should be a tall woman in black draperies which trail long on the grass! And why do I shiver when a full, pathetic voice breathes forth these words—

"Home, home again at last! Ever since I heard you were expected I have waited daily for this. I dared not write or send, or your cruel husband would have visited his anger upon you. But, oh, my child, unhappy yourself, have you no welcome word for your unhappy mother?"

As one stricken to stone, I stand and gaze at the pale oval of her lifted face, at her white, outstretched hands; then I suddenly feel strangely weak, the whole landscape seems to rush at me and I know no more.

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Sobs, tears, kisses were on my lips and cheeks when consciousness returned; a sweet, strange perfume hung in the air; my head leaned on my mother's bosom, and her arms embraced me. As my heavy eyes opened on her face so close to mine, with an abrupt movement she laid my head down on the grass, and drew off a few minutes, covering her face with her hands.

I lay still with closed eyes. A grasshopper chirped close to my ear; the stream trickled on; fine sounds of rustling grasses and waving flags were audible through all the faint irregular beating of my heart; then something stirred a little way off, and I looked and saw my mother rise, and with downcast head move slowly away.

"Oh, stay!" I cried feebly.

She stopped, and then with a gesture of despair, again went on.

"Mother," I cried, rising, the word bursting with sudden force from my full heart, "come back—I long for you! I think only one thing. I am your daughter, and we are both women. No, not at my feet—here, in my arms! Heaven help and comfort us both!"

She was almost as passive under my caress as I had been under hers, and then she suddenly put down her hands so that I could not resist.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman! Don't touch me, child: I'm not fit to be touched. Your husband is right; I have no business with such as you. Let me go my way to starvation or death; anything is better than this. While I waited this evening the water tempted me; but then it brought me to you in your spotless robes, my pure angel! When have I ever been met before with such a sad forgiving face? Sweet, sweet sad face! Do you remember that you would be happy now but for me? Destruction fall upon the tongue which brought me to blast your life!"

"Mother, let us bury the past!"

"Is the present so bright then? And the future—who can tell what that might bring? No, I'll go; I've done enough harm. Good-bye, good-bye, Sylvia; I have seen you—it is enough. Pray that we may meet no more. I dare not bid Heaven to bless you."

"Shall we not meet again?" I cried, an intense desire burning within me to feel once more such love surround me.

She laughed in a strange, low, wild way, put back my hand, gave me a hurried kiss and ran swiftly into the darkness, leaving me, sick and dizzy with emotion, to face my husband, who slowly approached, stopping occasionally to look at the water, over which by this time the moon had begun to shine.

"You here, Silvia? I thought you were in your room. It is late for you to wander along here."

"I am going in now."

I suppose that my voice told him that I was agitated; for after a pause, he silently offered me his hand. Mine trembled, and he pressed it closer, then put it on his arm, and began to walk gently toward the house. I longed to tell him whom I had met, but it was impossible, and we silently entered the house. He led me to the very room that I had been longing to enter, and paused till we stood under the light from the wax candles on the tall mantelpiece.

"Have you a desire ungratified which I can supply, Sylvia?" he said gravely. "I cannot bear to see you so unhappy. I saw that foreign life did not remove your melancholy, and therefore brought you home. Have I made a mistake?"

"You have done your very best to help me, I know," I answered gratefully. "Do not trouble yourself further; I am afraid it is hopeless. The old scenes have affected me; but I shall try to rouse myself."

"You must not brood over sad thoughts—it will injure your health," he said in a lower tone.

"It will not kill me, or I should have been dead long before this," I replied, smiling sadly.

"I sometimes think we are too quiet. We will open our house to friends—a few chosen ones I mean. I believe the only person you ever talk to with pleasure is that old Italian nurse of yours. She is not a wholesome companion for you, and to speak truth, Sylvia, I have thought lately that you had better let her go back to Italy."

"Because I take pleasure in talking to her?" I said, speaking in a bitter tone at the thought of parting with my faithful Jessa.

"Because she prevents our understanding each other. I have been thinking to-night, Silvia——"

He never finished the sentence. Afterwards I puzzled over it often. Something in his slow, hesitating manner arrested my attention. I lifted my face with sudden hope. Had the past been with him too that evening and revived some of his former feelings? He was certainly moved as he met my look; he put his arms round my shoulders almost diffidently, when some one tapped at the door, and we both drew apart hurriedly. His steward wished for a few moments' talk.

"I shall see you again to-night," Denis whispered hurriedly as I left the room and sought my own, followed thither by Jessa, who kept near like a dog. That evening I would most gladly have been left alone.

"What hurt thee, darling of my heart? Something has happened to excite thee,—perhaps to vex thee anew" she asked more than once; and though I told her such was not the case she still seemed uneasy.

It was late before Mr. Moore's few moments were over, but still he had gone some time before I knew of his departure. I waited impatiently, till a piteous yelping under the window reminded me that my little Maltese Flossy must be shut out. The servants were nearly all in bed by this time, and I was not sorry to have something to do which would take me past the study door. I went without a light, but before I came to Denis' study, the sound of the opening and shutting of a door below told that my errand on Flossy's behalf was spared me. Yet I lingered, hesitated, and then slowly advanced. The door was not quite closed—a gleam of light shone from it; as I noiselessly drew near, a weary sigh was plainly audible. In my excited state this was irresistible: repeating to myself that Denis had said he wished to see me I entered the room.

He sat at the table, with his back to the door; the light from a reading-lamp fell strongly upon his bent head as it rested upon his hand. He was sitting motionless when I entered, in deep thought, and I stopped short behind him. It was not so easy to speak to him as I imagined; his thoughts had evidently traveled far away. Still abstracted he moved his hand, and I saw from the movement he had drawn something from his breast. I moved nearer, till my long unbound hair almost touched his shoulder, and, as if spellbound I stood to see him look and sigh over and press to his lips the locket miniature where smiled the lovely placid face of the girl he had once hoped to marry—the miniature he had given into my care before our marriage. He must have stooped to take it secretly out of my unworthy hands, for I believed "my talisman" to be still within my desk. As this knowledge flashed across my mind while I stood watching him, one cord among those which bound me to him broke. I left him grieving over his Mary in heaven, noiselessly retraced my steps, and shut and locked my door even on Jessa.

That night my dreams were all of my mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tables Turned.

BY CHARLES DESPARD.

"I am not sure that it redounds much to our credit. I will tell it however, as a warning."

So our guest answered an inquiry made by a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat conceited member of the little party gathered together one winter evening round our dinner table.

"Hang the credit!" that person replied. He was rather uplifted, for he thought he had that evening won distinction in the sight of a lovely pair of eyes, then wasting their sweetness in the drawing-room. The owner of the lovely eyes had been a widow for some years; she was rich, elegant, and clever. There was a humorous wrinkling about the mouth of our middle-aged guest, as he answered:

"Hang the credit! So I can say now with a light heart. Then the credit was of more importance to me. However, you shall judge. You have heard," he went on, turning to the gentleman who headed the table, "that in the early days of our settlement we were a wild lot. Large fortunes had been made by the first settlers; and it got abroad at home that gold was to be had simply for the asking. Adventurers poured in. The native war brought in adventurers of another kind—men whose lives had been played out in the old country, and who were ready for any kind of devilry. Oh! I can assure you there was at times a singular collection in the settlement. I could tell you one or two tales that would surprise you. This, however"—turning to the person whose remark had provoked his tale—"is not of so desperate a character."

It happened that, at this time, a young solicitor whom fortune had not favored at home, taking it into his head that competition was slaying his talent, determined to try fortune amongst us.

He was slightly acquainted with one of my friends, and wrote to him of his intention, asking him at the same time to be so kind as—in the poor fellow's own words—"just to let people know, you know, that I am coming."

The letter was shown about, and that same evening my friend and I, with two or three others whom we had let into our secret, went out together, armed with large pieces of chalk. In the morning there was much questioning in the community, for on every bit of boarding, every blank wall and gate, was posted up in gigantic letters—"HE IS COMING."

Again and again were the notices expunged by indignant householders. Again and again were they imposingly reproduced. The police were set on the watch; we either brow-beat or bribed them. People began to think that there was something mysterious in the business. We, of course, kept our own counsel, and at last one fine morning a second advertisement appeared. It was to this effect—"HE HAS COME."

In the interval our friend had heard again. "I shall come by S. S. *Benares*," our solicitor wrote. "I hope you have let people know to some purpose." It began to be rumored abroad that a joke was on foot, and the whole community flocked to the landing-place.

To preserve the delusion we had paved the jetty with scarlet cloth, and decorated it with flowers. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor, my friend and I put off in a small boat to receive and bring to shore our distinguished guest.

He was a small delicate looking man, with a face as refined as that of a woman. I had slight prickings of compunction when I met him.

He was as shy and sensitive as a girl, but rather than appear ungrateful he would have gone through any ordeal, and presently—oh! dear, I can see it now—he was stepping out on the scarlet cloth, and bowing graciously to his right hand and his left.

No need for us to wink and nod behind his back. It was understood that a butt was being brought into the community. The bows were gravely returned, and as, like an honorable body-guard, we formed round the new-comer, to escort him to his hotel, the crowd that had gathered to receive him fell into procession behind us.

It was the cold season, and we called on him the next morning to take him for a ride. He was full of his pleasant reception, and anxious to become personally acquainted with those who had so interested themselves in him.

"Oh! you'll know them soon enough," my friend said. "Shouldn't wonder if you find, when you go back, that half the community has been calling on you." And sure enough, when we returned, there was his table heaped high with visiting cards. His eyes fairly glistened.

But as you may have guessed, more than half the cards dropped by our orders at the young man's door, bore the name of men either dead or departed. But a long time passed before he found this out; he might never have found it out at all, but for—however, I must not anticipate.

To give in detail the practical jokes we played on our new-comer would be impossible. One I must tell you, for it very nearly had a tragic ending.

Two or three of us had started with him on a shooting trip up the river. It had pleased one of us, his first friend, to feign a deep melancholy, from which our new-comer sought in vain to rouse him. The young fellow spoke to me in private on the subject. "Our friend," he said, "ought to be watched. Men in his state of mind have been known to do strange things." I, of course, encouraged his fear. We were neither of us then much surprised when, one evening, the melancholy man, after hastily wring our hands and murmuring that "it could be borne no longer," leaped into the river. What followed helped me afterwards to understand the sequel of this story. Without a moment's hesitation that brave young fellow threw off his coat and boots, and dived after his friend. He was not a strong swimmer, however, and that little trick was near being our last. When we fished him up he was half drowned.

He rose in our estimation from that moment, though it was not in the nature of things that we could give up our diversion, and we were still plotting against his peace, when hazard called me away from our settlement to a little place at some distance. I went willingly, for the house in which I was to be entertained was presided over by a young lady whom it always gave me pleasure to meet. She was the daughter of the merchant I went to see; a bright, clever, and intelligent girl, and to my taste peculiarly handsome. It had struck me, moreover—no harm in confessing it now; there is an age, you know, when we read volumes in a smile—it had struck me then that the beautiful Eleanor Hartley had a special kindness for me.

But on this occasion it seemed to me that something was wrong with Miss Eleanor. She sustained her part in the conversation only with effort. She was languid and depressed.

"This detestable climate is telling on her," was my conclusion, and I puzzled myself in my efforts to be amusing.

"Oh! by-the-by," I said after a lull, "I have not told you about the new fellow who arrived at our place the other day."

Certainly Miss Eleanor's eyes were fixed on me with an interest such as she had not hitherto accorded to any of my stories, and, thus encouraged, I proceeded boldly, to tell them, with much gusto, what I have just told you, about the dead men's cards, and the false suicide. I was so much taken up with my own cleverness that I did not notice the way in which my story was being received by my hostess. Judge then of my astonishment and dismay when, as I ended with an inane little chuckle, she suddenly burst out:

"And you call yourselves men! Do you know what I call you?"

"My dear Nellie!" said her father.

I was speechless. She fixed her eyes on my face, and the position, I assure you, was a singularly uncomfortable one.

"I call you cowards," she went on, "and—and——" evidently she was at a loss for an expressive word.

"Miss Hartley," I said, deeply penitent, "if——"

"Pray say no more," she answered coldly. "Papa, I will leave you to your wine."

Shortly after I found on returning to my old quarters that events of an exciting character were under discussion. Miss Hartley, I was told, had come to pay a visit to her married sister, who lived in our settlement. As we were not cheered by the presence of any unmarried ladies, this was of course an occurrence of the first magnitude. But further, a large dinner was to be given at our club, to which all the ladies and our new-comer were invited. He had been persuaded that the dinner was given in his honor, and was to be beguiled into making a speech, from which much fun was expected. I threw cold water on this scheme. I was afraid, you see, that Miss Hartley would see in it another malicious trick and be further incensed against me. But once a ball of such sort is set rolling, it requires a hand of peculiar force to stop it. Mine was not able for the feat, and my friends arranged their plan of action without me. After all, I think, I was not sorry that he should make a fool of himself publicly before Miss Eleanor. It would be sure to destroy any sentimental liking she might have had for him, so I held my peace, and the eventful night came on.

I was rather nervous throughout. At length the long dinner passed; dessert was on the table; the usual toasts had been given and responded to. Then my friend rose, and in a few serious words which, as some of us knew, veiled a real irony, proposed the health of the youngest man at the table, our distinguished guest, whose arrival had been so long anticipated and so eagerly hailed.

All drank the toast, and there followed an awful pause. Every eye, Eleanor Hartley's amongst the number, was fixed on our new-comer. He rose to his feet, and I ventured to glance at her. All was explained.

Oh, woman, what a strange being you are! Soft and yet triumphant was the beautiful face of our queen. She was bending a little forward; her eyes glistened; you would have said that she was listening to some exquisite melody.

About him, too, there was a change. I was excited, and of course what I saw and heard was colored by my mood, but I could have declared that the young man's form had expanded, and that an indescribable dignity had crept into his gestures. He stood upright, his voice was clear and unfaltering; he did not shrink from, he rather courted the multitude of glances that were bent on him. As for his speech—sir, I have knocked about pretty much, as you know, and now and then at dinners and elsewhere I have knocked up against distinguished men, but I have never heard a speech to match this one. In substance it was a review of the time he had spent in the settlement. To hear him one might have believed that he had seen through our practical jests from the first, and while seeming to be their victim, had been quietly amusing himself at our expense. Its manner, the delicate irony, the wit, the forcible piquancy, I should be glad indeed to reproduce, but of such an effort I am incapable. Here was a turning of the tables! My friends were bewildered; those not in our secret applauded vociferously. I alone knew who it was had planned this triumph; and I was not surprised when, a few days later, it was rumored abroad that Eleanor Hartley and our new-comer were engaged to be married. Rumor, for once, told a true tale. Before that cold season was over, I was invited by Eleanor Hartley's father to his daughter's wedding.

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"And I would wager," said the gentleman who had asked for the story, "that my lady kept him in order."

"On the contrary," replied our guest, "she was a model among wives—devoted, adoring. I believe she thought that man half divine. Well, poor fellow! he was always delicate, and, after two or three years of happiness, he died."

"And his wife?"

"I think you have met her."

"What! She cannot be——"

"I see that you have guessed. Thank me for giving you a peep into the character of Eleanor Walthingham."

Regent's Canal, in London, is not only the subject of constant complaint as a sort of open sewer, but it is continually drowning small children who fall into it. One woman who lives near by keeps a long pole for the purpose of fishing youngsters out, and has saved several.

A German correspondent says that the Pope is an object of universal pity at Rome, that he weeps piteously and has aged much, that he frequently packs up to go to Perugia, but at the last moment changes his determination, that he is in deadly fear of poison and only eats food brought to him by his brother, making his own coffee and keeping his wine under lock.

Most geniuses and men of great talent have been known for some peculiar habit or striking idiosyncrasy. Napoleon would tremble with fear at the sight of a cat. General Elliott, of Gibraltar fame, was always accompanied by a number of them. Johnson liked to imbibe floods of tea or wine, and yet be none the worse for it. Porson drank everything that came in his way. Visiting once a friend's house, when evening came they desired to feed the lamp, but the bottle was empty. Porson had drank the spirits on the sly, not knowing it was intended for the lamp. Douglas Jerrold could not bear the smell of apples. Cavendish hated women. If he met one of his own female servants by accident in any part of the house, she was instantly dismissed. Garrick was vain almost to the degree of insanity. Rousseau was vain and could not write except when dressed as a top. Bulwer Lytton, it is said, could write best with his court suit on. Marlborough was a miser, mended his old stockings to save paying for it, and would walk home ever so late at night rather than pay for a "chair." Napoleon did his "thinking" and formed his plans for conquest while pacing in a garden, shrugging his shoulders now and then as if to help and "compress" thought. When Thiers was engaged in his long oratorical displays he always had beside him a supply of rum and coffee. The coffee he got direct from Mecca. Gibson dictated while walking in his room, like Scott and many others. Moliere wrote with his knees near the fire and Bacon liked to study in a small room, which, he said, helped him to condense his thoughts. George Stephenson used to lie in bed for two or three days, the better to "think out" his plan.

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.—Princess Mary of Teck, one of Queen Victoria's daughters, stout, laughing, lively, and good-natured, is universally popular and beloved. A little anecdote will go to show her goodness of heart and sweetness of disposition. An American gentleman who was staying at a German watering place went one morning to the flower girl to buy a bouquet for his invalid daughter. But the flowers were all sold; so remarking that he regretted the fact, as his sick daughter would be disappointed, he turned to retire. "Wait, sir, they are not all gone," cried the Princess Mary, who was sitting near by arranging some flowers which she had just purchased. She hastily made up the prettiest into a bouquet and offered it to him with a smiling courtesy that was even sweeter than her gift. The last glimpse he had of the gracious Princess was while she was trying, in spite of her rank, to tempt a little invalid girl, who had been ordered exercise in the open air, to take a run on the green sward by running races with her. Of course, the royal lady was always beaten by her small competitor.

FACETIÆ

"Cigar butts"—Jokes about them.

"Parlor matches"—Courting in the front room.

"A parting glass"—The maiden's final look in the mirror at her new hat.

"Financial views"—Looking through a broker's window at the cash inside.

The desire to be tall among men is founded on a very rational and natural objection to being "short."

"Invitations for a ball"—An irate father with a strap requesting his son to accompany him out to the woodshed.

Among the things which nobody gets credit for ever having paid for, the umbrella always occupies the first place.

If there is one time more than another that the iron enters a man's soul, it is when he treads on an inverted carpet tack.

To get a lien on a house or other object, all that is necessary for mechanics and others to do is to drink sufficient of the ardent.

Mrs. Shoddy, who is just returned from Switzerland, says the ice glaziers are so called because they look like big pieces of glass.

From the fact of the universal instinct among her daughters, it is more than probable that Eve picked her first leaves in early Autumn or rather later Fall.

Doubtless chickens residing in the neighborhood of colored settlements, if they could reason, would instantly see the utility of the life-insurance system.

No matter how epileptic a man may be he need not fear entering a ready-made clothing store. There is not the least danger he'll be troubled with "fits" there.

It is said of actors that they are often particularly happy in their "make up," but for real bliss nothing in the way of "making up" beats a young couple who have been on the "outs" for a week or two.

There is this difference, that in requesting a lawyer's opinion he generally charges pretty steep for it; but if you force her, a woman will generally give hers pretty freely without any expense whatever.

Ajax defied the lightning, according to the old poets, with considerable success. It must be remembered, however, the fluid was not the modern New Jersey variety. This makes all the difference in the world.

As a feature entirely unornamental and quite devoid of any very apparent useful qualities, the object of the creation of corns never seems so problematical to a man as when his own are being trodden upon in a crowded passenger car.

A fine field for microscopic and general scientific investigation offers itself in ascertaining why it is that the family baby always causes such a difference of opinion among observers, and resembles every one of his relatives on both sides, from great-grandfather down.

The nearest the average boy ever gets to G. Washington's eminent example, is to chop the school desk to pieces with a barlow knife, but the amount of truth he indulges in on being accused of it, will never incapacitate him for either a book agent or lightning rod peddler.

It cannot be too forcibly brought to the attention of those who are disposed to sniff at the romantic endearments of innocent lovers, that a delicate appreciation of moonlight and front gates does not necessarily preclude their just enjoyment of corned beef and cabbage under proper circumstances.

Thomas, the musical leader, is now at the head of a select orchestra in Cincinnati. Recently the residents in the neighborhood of the Academy went into ecstacies over what they conceived to be the rehearsal of some of his choice classical selections, and were beginning to congratulate themselves over their harmonious tastes, when someone informed them that it was a butcher in the back street killing hogs.

Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and a boy with an erect figure and a heavy face, is to enter a military academy by and by. When he is seventeen he will go into the army, and it is said is not unlikely to emulate the example of his soldier-like uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and undertake at first the most subordinate duties. Prince George of Wales is to adopt the naval profession.

It is said that prairie dogs, which live far from rivers or lakes, obtain their water by digging wells, some of which are 200 feet deep. Each village has a well with a concealed opening.

SUDDEN CHANGES of temperature produce Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats and Lung Disorders, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be relied on to cure.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Sir John's Preserves.

BY O. A. W.

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and played on the faces of those seated around it in conversation. Now and then a brighter flame than the rest would shoot upwards, showing in strong relief the clear profile of a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, who sat, with bent head, listening to the low tones of a man several years older than herself. Beside these two, there were Sir John Chatwood, the owner of the old-fashioned country-house; his wife, Lady Chatwood; their son, Frank, and four guests invited down for a little shooting in the carefully kept preserves belonging to the estate.

Sir John was proud of his preserves, and constantly asked people through the winter to come for a little sport, which he joined in himself with as keen appreciation as he felt in his younger days; and his son brought down his college friends as often as he pleased. One of the latter was Allan Bentley, before mentioned as talking to the baronet's daughter; and though he had already been staying in the house longer than any of the other guests, he still lingered, acceding not unwillingly to Frank's entreaties that he would remain for just one more day. The other four were going on the day but one, the morrow being the last day's sport for that season, as far as Chatwood Hall was concerned.

The conversation was pretty general, the sportsmen recalling anecdotes of their several experiences of bygone days, when, these being exhausted, there was a pause, which Lady Chatwood broke.

"I always suffer a great deal from nervousness during the season," she said, with a little shiver. "At first it is dreadful—I expect every day to see some one brought home half killed; but one gets used to it by degrees. I am so thankful it is at an end without any accidents having occurred."

As another remark drew the general attention from the mother, Bentley took the daughter's hand in his, and held it.

"You do not share your mother's fancies, do you, Kate?"

"I often feel when I see you start how easily an accident might happen. I am not sorry it is just over," she replied.

"I am," he said, meaningly; and his tone chased away the slight pallor from Kate's cheeks.

"This kind of night makes one feels superstitious," said the girl. "I wish you were not going to-morrow. What time do you start in the morning?"

"About seven, I think."

"I shall be down to see you off. How the wind moans to-night!"

Later on in the evening Lady Chatwood drew Bentley on one side.

"Mr. Goodwin's words have made me feel frightened, Mr. Bentley. I shall be so glad when to-morrow is over, and you are all safe back again. You smile as though my fears were absurd; but I only know too well what dreadful things have happened merely from a little carelessness. Promise me that you will be careful to-morrow, for Katie's sake."

"I will, certainly, if I can be more so than usual, Lady Chatwood; but I am not in the habit of carrying a loaded gun pointed at myself or at anybody else," he said, laughing. "The danger is almost *all* amongst a party who have any common sense; for in my opinion it is only an idiot who carries firearms carelessly, out of bravado."

The next morning Kate kept her word, and was down, though her mother was not, to pour out the coffee for the sportsmen, looking fresh and sweet in her simple morning dress of holland, and evidently having forgotten the alarm of the previous night, now that the sun shone out brightly through the clouds, and the dismal moaning of the wind had ceased.

The party set off, Bentley lingering behind the rest to say farewell to Kate, who stood by her mother in the portico.

"Good-bye," said she, lightly. "Don't be any longer than usual, or mamma will be frightened."

"Sir John reckoned that we should be home about three."

"Perhaps I shall come to meet you," said Kate. "The others are waiting for you at the bottom of the hill, I see."

"Good-bye, darling, for the present," he whispered, and hurried after them, looking up when he had descended the hill on which the house stood to wave his hand, when the flutter of a white handkerchief showed that the action was seen.

The sport was good, and game plentiful. They were returning in good spirits, and laughing over the gloomy predictions of the night before, when Bentley, who had for the minute, in crossing a little turnip patch, become separated from the rest, saw two partridges rise from behind some bushes. He took aim and fired without an instant's hesitation, when one fell. As he ran to pick it up, a groan from behind the hedge made him start forward to ascertain the cause.

On the ground lay the form of a young girl, and his heart stood still with horror as he recognised the dress she wore. He hastened to raise her head, and found his fears realised, for it was Katie Chatwood.

She raised her eyes as he bent over her.

"Mamma was right," she said, faintly. "I think it has killed me, Allan."

For the moment he thought her words were true, as her head fell back, and her eyes closed in a swoon. He called for help loudly, and in an instant Frank was at his side.

"Bentley, what have you done?" he exclaimed, turning pale as ashes, as he saw the blood-stained dress and marble face of his sister.

"Killed her," groaned Bentley, as the others came up; and, lifting her in his arms, he carried her towards the house.

"What is it?" asked Sir John, who brought up the rear, somewhat out of breath, not being so light and active as of old.

"An accident, father," said the young man, hurrying to hisside. "But don't be alarmed, it is only a faint. It is nothing serious. I haven't heard how it happened it yet."

"Who was hurt, then?" asked the old man, impressed by his son's face and manner, and beginning to tremble.

The rest of the party had left them behind, hurrying to Bentley's assistance, and Frank and Sir John were alone. The former hesitated, and then replied:

"It is Katie, father. Let us get home."

The old gentleman did not speak, but hastened on by his son's side.

At Chatwood Hall they found every one in consternation. Bentley had gone for the doctor, and Kate was still unconscious, in spite of her mother's efforts to restore her.

The visitors departed that same evening, feeling themselves in the way, Allan alone remaining.

For days Katie lay between life and death, while Allan felt himself the cause of all, and dared scarcely look at the pale, anxious faces of father, mother, and brother, lest he should read in them the reproaches that did not pass their lips. The sight of her almost drove him mad with the thought that his carelessness had caused her sufferings, and every moan that escaped her pale lips found an echo in his own heart.

"My boy," said Frank, one day, "I will not let you go into her room again. You can do no good, and you will only add to our troubles by being down with brain fever in a day or two. It was an accident, and, as no one blames you, you need not blame yourself."

But Frank's remonstrances were useless; and on the very day that Katie was declared out of danger his prediction was verified, and Allan's over-strained mental faculties gave way.

Katie recovered first, and, though pale and weak, insisted on helping to nurse him. She was sitting by his side when he opened his eyes one evening after the delirium had ceased, holding his hand in hers. He looked at her in some wonder at first, and then a mist came over his eyes.

"They told me you were better," he said, faintly; "but I hardly dared to believe it. Thank Heaven it is true."

It was some days after, when he was really stronger, that she was there again.

"Allan," she said softly, "do you know what you have been saying while you have been lying here?—that you had killed me, that you were the cause of all. You were mistaken: it was not your gun that did the mischief. No, don't speak; let me finish. Do you remember that morning? Frank took two guns with him—the new one he bought the other day, as well as his other. He found the two rather a bother to carry, and so placed one in a hollow tree you passed, thinking to take it out on his way back. I saw it there as I came to meet you, and feared some one might steal it, as I recognized it as Frank's; so I took it out and carried it with me. Then, when I came upon you, and saw you taking aim at almost where I stood, I started to get out of the way, and somehow or other it went off. You never noticed it lying beside me, but the others did, and took it for yours."

This was, in fact, the state of the case; and it had such an effect on Bentley that he quickly regained his strength. But Sir John, now that his grandchildren absorb his attention, ceases to take much interest in the preservation of his game.

Hard Straits.

BY H. H.

"Nine o'clock, sor, an' the hot wather; an' is it the rest of the bacon ye'd be afther havin' for breakfast?"

"Will it not be too much, Bridget?"

"Sorra a bit, sor,"

"Very well."

And, with a half groan, I, Basil Hathaway, sprang out of bed and proceeded to dress myself in unexceptionable costume—trousers, vest, frock-coat. My only ones, alas! An accommodating relative some twenty doors off had taken charge of my shabbier garments one by one, kind'y advancing sundry moneys thereon.

Three of us were in the same plight—old school fellows, and old chums now thrown together in manhood by the caprice of Dame Fortune, and fighting shoulder to shoulder the battle of life in the great city.

As I dressed, one of the trio, Hal Trevor, came bounding three at a time up the worn-eaten steps. I heard his cheerful greeting of Jack Hornsey, hard at work since daylight on "Coke upon Littleton."

"Well, old book-worm, ready for breakfast? Where is the Captain?"

"The Captain?" How the old title set me dreaming of the cricket ground. I was aroused by dull thuds of a poker hammering violently at the intervening wall.

"All right!" I shouted. "Ring for the bacon."

In another minute there were three of us gazing with rueful looks at the breakfast arrangements. A loaf of stale bread—a piece of butter the size of a walnut and three tiny rashers, that either could have put out of sight with ease.

"Is that all, Bridget?"

Every line of the girl's honest face was eloquent with sympathy.

"Not a bit more, sor."

The frugal meal was just disposed of when we heard a great puffing and blowing below on the third floor. That had but one possible meaning—a creditor.

"Whose turn?" asked Jack laconically.

It was an ancient arrangement now that on the advent of a dun only one of us should receive him, the others being in the city—that is, the adjacent room.

"Your own," cried Hal, as we decamped, leaving the door ajar to watch the course of events. "I wish you joy, Jack; it is old Blunderson, snorting like a grampus, as usual."

Old Blunderson was a general provision merchant, who had let himself be beguiled into supplying miscellaneous goods until his bill really frightened me. A modern Falstaff, minus the wit, he always ascended slowly, resting on each stair.

We were safe for about five minutes. Jack employed them in preparing for his reception, and we watched proceedings with amused curiosity.

The first was to produce a huge tobacco pouch, taking from it about a half an ounce of tobacco. From this he filled a long clay pipe. The next step was to grasp the fire-shovel and tongs.

"Weapons of offence," whispered Harry. "He meditates assault and bat——"

Hal stopped abruptly in sheer amazement. Jack was deliberately removing live coals from the fire to the shovel, and upon these he swept his cherished tobacco. Then he placed the shovel upon the bottom ledges of two chairs at the farther corner of the room, threw himself into the one nearest the fire, and complacently lighted his clay.

Of course the room filled fast with the smoke and a pungent odor.

"Old Blunderson hates tobacco as a certain person does holy water!" grinned Hal.

"Bad policy, though to irritate him," grumbled I.

By this time our enemy was in the doorway, gasping for breath, and shaking a great hairy fist at Jack by way of filling the interval till speech returned.

"You—abandoned—young profligate! Where—are the—other—scamps!"

"One gone for the doctor; the other—" And a jerk of the speaker's thumb towards the door behind which we stood, completed the sentence. "Typhoid fever—bad case—contagious!" fibbed Jack between his puffs.

"Gammon!" gasped Blunderson, at length.

Jack rose slowly, walked to the corner, and produced the shovel.

"Fumigating the room," said he, "better have a pipe!" And old Blunderson fairly turned and fled with such celerity, he gained the next floor in seconds instead of minutes.

We were laughing over his discomfiture when Bridget's head appeared at the door.

"I thought I'd tell ye, gintlemen, the mistress is just comin'. The saints purtect yer, fur she has been rampagin' all the mornin'."

Our faces fell. Mrs. Callaghan, our worthy landlady, was not a foe to be so readily dislodged, and her powers of invective were simply unrivalled. Hal was the only one who could soothe her, and he came to the rescue.

"My turn," he said, with a look of comic disgust. "You fellows get into my room, and clear out of the house as soon as she is seated."

And we did, seeing Hal hand a chair (as we glided by) with the deepest of mock reverence, and an expression of extreme devotion on his handsome features. "Making violent love to the old beast!" as he would have elegantly expressed it.

* * * * * * *

It was evening of the same day—a dull November evening, much in harmony with my thoughts. My few coppers had been carefully invested at a dirty cook-shop, and I was glad to think there must have been just enough cold meat to satisfy the boys at dinner and tea.

Through the fog came a slender female figure disguised in a waterproof. She did not notice me until quite abreast, where the light fell full upon her face. Then, as she gave one frightened glance, I saw two things—how pale and beautiful it was, and what a depth of misery lay in the startled eyes.

It was a low neighborhood in which we lived, though separated by but a long alley from a fashionable West End street—a dangerous locality for a young girl at that hour. I crossed the road, to accompany her unobserved, and had hardly done so ere I saw her brought up by some man, looming up unsteadily through the mist.

"Come here, my pretty dear!" said he.

She gave a faint scream and tried to slip by him, but the drunken wretch caught her by the loose waterproof. In another second he measured his length on the pavement. But, strange to say, the girl sank down also insensible, dropping something that looked like a jewel case. My prostrate friend was relieving his feelings by a round volley of obscene abuse. Not caring to await the arrival of a policeman, I caught up his victim and her case and retreated. At the foot of the dilapidated stairs I hesitated. Should I carry my fair burden into Mrs. Callaghan's little parlor? The sight of Bridget in full flight, pursued by shrill invective and a brush, decided the point.

"Bridget," said I, "this lady has fainted—come and help me!"

"Ah, sure, sor. Poor dear!"

We carried the stranger to the common sitting-room, and essayed to bring her round. Presently she opened her eyes and began to speak incoherently.

"Delirious!" said I. It was a great relief to hear Hal's springing step. He gave a low whistle of astonishment as he entered, and felt the patient's pulse whilst I gave a brief explanation.

"Feverish—very. She must be got to bed immediately. Where does she reside?"

"I have not an idea. Search her pockets!"

But she search was fruitless.

One more difficulty remained, and that the greatest—the money problem. Well, my coat and vest must go.

So for three days I pottered about the apartment in an old-fashioned dressing-gown. Meanwhile the real patient had careful attention and strengthening nourishment.

The third day a notable event happened. A high-class monthly sent me five dollars for an article, and requested a similar one. I worked cheerfully after that till the crisis came, and the nurse we had hired gleefully reported that the lady was conscious, and had been asking for her father.

"May I see her?" said I, eagerly.

"Dear, dear—no, sir. The excitement would throw her back. Besides, she must not talk. Her father is Mr. Bullion, on Lombard street."

Bullion, the great foreign banker! What brought his daughter, unattended, in this vile side-street? Time would explain perhaps. Meanwhile Jack put on his hat, and departed in quest of the great man. In an hour he was with us, his usual imposing air and magisterial demeanor lost in the agitation of the moment. He shook me warmly by the hand.

"Your friend has explained all, Mr. Hathaway. I am deeply grateful to you. Where? Where is my child?"

The most renowned physician in London was quickly summoned, but in vain Mr. Bullion begged him to devise means to remove his daughter. At present she must not leave her bed. In a few days, perhaps, with returning strength, she might lie for two or three hours at a time on a sofa in our sitting-room. Farther change was imperatively forbidden.

I lived in fairy-land till she was well enough to depart. She explained the visit to our obscure street—it was to pawn jewelry for her brother's benefit, a wild lad, whose excesses had driven him from home and who had recently been writing her letter after letter, hinting at frightful consequences if she could not furnish him with money. "Mr. Hathaway," she said, "will you be my friend and try to reclaim him?"

She put a transparent little hand in mine as she spoke, and I promised. Her "friend"—I would have promised her anything for such a title.

Then an eventful conversation took place between me and the banker.

"You have abandoned the idea of becoming a barrister, Mr. Hathaway, and the profession of author is a precarious one; unite it with another pursuit. You are a good linguist, and I badly need a foreign correspondent. The hours and the duties will be light enough; cast in your lot with me—I will take care you have no cause to regret it."

I thought of my "friend," and assented.

The firm is Bullion and Hathaway now, the junior partner having married the senior's daughter. John Hornsey, Esq., is their solicitor, a man much respected in the profession. Hal Trevor is just beginning to make a stir as a fashionable physician.

Pine Tree and Shrub.

A Story for the Middle-Aged.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

There once grew on the top of a mountain a most beautiful pine. All around it, some far and some near, were trees of smaller growth, and shrubs and vines.

The vines were quite content to be vines, and lifted themselves up by twining about something else, each vine trying, however, to get at least three leaves higher than its neighbor.

The shrubs, as a class, were endeavoring to force themselves to believe that they would not grow taller if they could, simply because they well knew that they could not grow taller if they would.

Most of the small trees wore a very indifferent look, and, if they remarked at all, nodded contemptuously towards the pine and said, in tree language:

"We could grow as tall as that pine if we had the same chance!"

"I've heard it said where place grow nothing else can grow!"

"It's a shame!"

"They take all the good out of the land!"

Then when the last speaker had ceased all the trees made it a point to rustle their leaves and chorus, in tree language: "It's a shame, they take all the good out of the land!"

Again, one would say:

"Have you heard of the great pine barrens of South Carolina, where nothing can grow but pines?"

And all the trees would rustle and chorus:

"Nothing can grow but pines!"

But unmindful of all this the pine grew taller and taller. Each year one tassel more was added to its top and one to the tip of every branch. Each year its top grew thicker and broader, and its trunk grew larger.

A little shrub stood in the shadow of one of its branches; it had stood there for years, never growing any taller, and wearing a peculiarly pinched and forsaken look. It used to sigh to the zephyrs, everytime they passed, "O, I wish I were a pine!" And again, "Why was not I a pine!"

It was not reconciled to its lot.

And the other shrubs, and the vines, and the trees heard of its murmurings; for the zephyrs told, and they held the little shrub in contempt because it should even wish to be a pine.

But years went by and many men climbed the mountain. Viewing the pine, they said:

"Wonderful, magnificent!" and they named it "The Bride of the Mountains!"

At length one day, as two men were about to descend the mountain, one of them saw the little shrub and said, "One branch of that good-for-nothing shrub will make me a walking stick to help me down the mountain." So he took out his jack-knife.

His companion, who was evidently a moralist, said:

"Even that little shrub may be of great use. You should not despise it because it stands in the shade of 'The Bride of the Mountain.'"

"Nor do I despise it," was the reply. "I will show you that I honor it by cutting for myself a walking stick from one of its branches."

The little shrub trembled, and sighed: "O, if I were tall as a pine he could not cut my branches for canes."

But it was not as tall as a pine and he did cut one of its branches for a cane, and when he reached the foot of the mountain he threw the cane away.

It fell under a pile of brush and after a while decayed.

Time passed on. A poet climbed the mountain, and, book in hand, he sat in the shadow of the pine; looking at the shrub, and comparing it with the pine, he wrote:

"A violet grew under the shade of an oak, but grumbled at its misfortune in being a violet instead of an oak; there came a terrible hurricane; the oak was riven to splinters, but the little violet was saved and bloomed in the morning as fair as ever; then it thanked its stars it was not an oak. Moral, etc."

"This," said the youth, as he read it aloud, is a rude outline of what I will write," and he smiled as he thought of the lessons of content such a writing might teach.

The pine, listening, thanked its stars that it was a pine, let come what would.

The little shrub sighed softly:

"If that means us, it may prove all true; but I don't think it. I do wish I were a pine!"

All the small trees said:

"You are better off, and we are better off. Just as we are. We can see it."

But the little shrub whispered, wilful as ever;

"I don't see it and I don't believe it, but time will tell!"

And time passed on.

There was a great landslide, and down went the pine to the foot of the mountain, crash! crash! crash!

All the people in the valleys round about rushed from their houses to learn what the noise might be.

I could not begin to tell what a sensation was created.

When the pine was gone the other trees turned to the little shrub and said, triumphantly:

"There, now, do you believe us? We always told you so!"

But the shrub only said:

"I do not know and I cannot tell to you why I have this conviction, but so it is. I, despite the scorn of all, would rather be a pine, and risk sliding to the foot of the mountain, than to be a shrub and risk freezing to death here amid friends; if I must say it, risk sliding to the foot of the mountain too. To be sure I would not make much noise, but if I have got to go down that mountain, I would rather make a racket than to slide quietly down and be covered with sand."

The trees all hissed at this little speech, but they had hardly done so before they began to move, and down to the foot of the mountain they all went.

The little shrub was nearly buried in sand, but it managed to say to the trees and vines:

"What do you think now?"

"We think as we always did!" said they.

"And so do I!" said the little shrub.

Time passed on. The poet came again to climb the mountain, but saw the pine at its foot, and concluding the shrub must be at the top, congratulated himself on the truth of what he had written, finished the poem of "The Oak and the Violet," rolled a stone to the very place where the shrub lay, sat down on the stone, and read his poem.

The little shrub made frantic efforts to tell him how false was his theory, but as they did not speak the same language, of course failed.

When the poem was published everybody who did not know differently said, "What a grand truth! What a nice lesson to teach children!" and immediately began teaching them, and, of course, found some much more tractable than others.

Time still passed on, and the little shrub, together with the small trees and the vines, was burned as brush, and their ashes were scattered to the winds.

The last words of the little shrub were: "I would rather risk being a pine than a shrub. Oh, how I wish I had been born a pine."

But all the other trees, shrubs, and vines died as they had lived, content.

Then men came and wondered at the pine, measured it, talked of it, praised it, marveled that it grew so large, calculated that it was quite a tree when Noah's youngest grandchild was born, wrote of it, sent a piece of it to the museum, finally cut it up, and of the smaller branches made many useful and ornamental articles that lasted for hundreds of years.

The trunk of the tree was used as a mast in a ship. The ship sailed for the polar seas, the icebergs moved one side a little to let it pass, then they came together again, and the ship was fastened. The men froze to death and the ship became imbedded in the ice, and appeared in the Northern seas as an iceberg; there it sailed round for many years, until at last there came quite a warm season, and the ice melted from the ship. Just as it was free, a vessel from a far and free country appeared, took it in tow, and after a tedious and eventful voyage arrived with it in a beautiful harbor at a place supposed by some to be the Hub of the Universe. There it was taken apart and set up on a broad and beautiful common as a "curiosity found in the Polar seas." Every precaution was taken to preserve it from decay; one man immortalized his name by discovering a peculiar varnish that prevented the decay of the wood.

Any one could see the ship by payment of ten cents, and many men made each a fortune by showing it, and explaining when and where it was found, and its supposed history.

Authors wrote books about it which brought them much money. Its discoverer was honored in all after ages, and altogether it was quite an affair.

So much for being a pine.

"After all," said one, when the story was finished, "I don't see much in that. The shrub was just like the rest, only it had something to fret about, and they had not."

"Yes," said his friend, "but that's quite a difference."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DRILLING A PIN.—A delicate mechanical feat was recently accomplished by a watchmaker of Providence, Rhode Island, who drilled a hole throughout the entire length of a common pin, from head to point, just large enough to admit the passage of a fine hair.

THE CHURCH IN COLONIAL DAYS.—Church attendance was compulsory in Virginia during colonial days. If a person was absent a single Sabbath without good reason he was kept on half-rations for a week; if absent twice he was whipped; if thrice he was subject to capital punishment.

REST FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE.—An experienced railway mechanic repeats and indorses the theory that a locomotive must have ten hours' rest in the twenty-four, just like a human being. Who knows but that a locomotive or any other fine piece of machinery may have a dim sort of individuality that feels and appreciates the difference between rest and motion? It isn't long since it was discovered that plants were sensitive and suffer joy and pain.

OLD TIME MIRRORS.—The surface of smooth water is a natural mirror, which the ancient poets to refer to as having been used by persons for viewing their own forms. With the ancient Egyptians one of the principal articles of toilet was the mirror. Wilkinson said it was of mixed metal, chiefly copper, highly polished. Silver mirrors were so common among the Romans that they were in use even by the maid servants. The ancients had drinking vessels as mentioned by Pliny, the inside of which was so cut and polished that the image of one drinking from them was reflected many times. In the 14th century glass mirrors were extremely rare in France, but metallic ones were in common use.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—Russian soldiers are sorted as far as possible, according to their size and complexion. Under the Czar Nicholas there was a Hussar regiment all made up of dark-haired men pitted with the small-pox, and another of light haired men in the same case. There was a regiment whose soldiers all had fine hair, slim figures and fine eyes; and another where swarthy features and eagle noses were the rule. These happy assortments have been less strictly adhered to under the present reign, but enough is done in the way of sizing to bring men of different dialects into each regiment, and thereby greatly to obviate the risk of mutiny.

THE GERMAN AND FRENCH MILITARY.—The French military instructions provide that if the commanding officer or instructor who is drilling the troops makes a mistake and gives a wrong order the troops shall not obey it. The Germans, on the contrary, insist that no matter how unlooked for or absurd the order, it shall be obeyed. And their officers even make a point of sometimes giving the wrong orders so as to test the men. The French argue that if the men halt the officer will immediately perceive that something is wrong, and be able to give the correct demand without having to straighten his company or battalion. The Germans declare that the officers are responsible and their orders must at once be obeyed without hesitation, no matter what the consequences. Also, that it would be dangerous to encourage the men to review their orders, or get into the habit of doing everything one way.

In the Hibernian Tales, there is a story of a murdered man who appeared or rather did not appear in a court of justice: "'What,' says the Judge, 'is there no other proof to be produced?' Instantly a most dreadful rumbling noise was heard in the court, here am I that was murdered by the prisoner at the bar. No more evidence was necessary, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced against him." This narrative depends somewhat for its force on the Hibernian mode of printing it. The way in which the testimony of the spirit runs into "the most dreadful rumbling noise" is effective. Some light, too, is thrown on Hibernian judicial processes by the words "no more evidence was necessary." These were easygoing days, "when Ireland was particularly infested with a kind of small beings called Fairies."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ADMINISTERING CINCHONA.—If Cinchona be mixed in the proportion of one grain of the alkaloid to four grains of sugar of milk, and one-tenth of a grain of bicarbonate of soda. It will leave no bitter taste in the mouth. The mixture may be taken dry or dissolved in water.

NEW EXPLOSIVE.—A new explosive agent has been discovered in Trinity College, Dublin. It is a mixture of 75 per cent. of chlorate of potassium with 25 per cent. of a body called sulphures. It is a white powder, and can be ignited at a rather lower temperature than ordinary gunpowder, while the effects it produces are even more remarkable.

GOLD IN SCOTLAND.—Gold was discovered in Scotland by Gilbert de Moravo, in 1246, and at intervals a sort of gold fever has been occasioned by the discovery of gold in Sutherlandshire ever since. In 1868 and 1869 there was a rush of people who expected to become suddenly rich by developing the gold deposits. But in 1868 there were only 577 ounces found, and the product dwindled down next year to 17 ounces.

A USEFUL CEMENT.—For stopping holes in castings, or for covering scars, a useful cement may, it is said, be made of equal parts of gum arabic, plaster of Paris, and iron filings, and if a little finely pulverized white glass be added to the mixture, it will make it still harder. This mixture forms a very hard cement that will resist the action of fire and water. It should be kept in its dry state and mixed with a little water when wanted for use.

EXPERIMENTS WITH CLUB MOSS.—The seeds of club moss are so fine that they appear as a yellow powder, and repel water so powerfully that a person may thrust his hand below the surface of water that has been well sprinkled with it without wetting his hand. This property renders it useful as a preventive of chafing in infants, and as a coating for pills to prevent their sticking to each other. It has another curious property: If a teaspoonful of it be placed in a saucer, the flame of a common match will not light it; it appears to be as incombustible as table salt; but if a small quantity of it be placed in a small paper tube and blown over the flame of a candle in a cloud, it will burn with a flash like gunpowder, affording a good illustration of the dangerous explosive that is formed when carbonaceous dust is mingled with a certain proportion of air.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MILK.—If milk is colder than the surrounding air, a moisture will be deposited upon the cream which will be very impure and will injure the quality of the butter seriously.

GOOD FARMING.—The test of good farming is that land should always be improving, not deteriorating, which means and the farmer doing likewise—getting richer, not poorer. The improvement of one improves both, as certain as the poverty of one makes both poor.

A HEN'S FREAK.—A Virginia hen, hitherto well behaved and matronly, has fallen victim to the pernicious doctrine of woman's rights. She lately left off laying, assumed all the characteristics of a rooster, and crows and fights with a vengeance. She is also changing her feathers to correspond with her new condition, and incipient spurs are bourly expected.

CLOVER AND WHEAT.—The roots of clover have a natural tendency to decompose after having produced the plant in perfection, and it is the effect of this decomposition that renders a crop of clover so good a preparation for a growth of wheat. Decay over furnishes regenerative food, while the roots pierce and divide the soil, loosening the ground.

ROSES IN POTS.—The ever-blooming roses are best for house culture in pots—because they bloom quicker and more continuously than any of the others, and besides this, their style and habit of growth are more bushy; and better adapted to the purpose. They can be kept nicely with other growing plants, and with proper attention to their requirements they will bloom very freely.

EGGS AND BEEF.—As a flesh producer, one pound of eggs is equal to a pound of beef. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay twelve dozen, or eighteen pounds of eggs. This is saying that three and one tenth pounds of corn fed to a hen will produce a pound of eggs, whereas a pound of pork is the product of five and one-tenth pounds of corn. When eggs are 24 cents a dozen and pork 10 cents a pound, we have a bushel of corn producing $2.88 worth of eggs and $1.05 worth of pork.

FEMININITIES.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

Men who avoid female society have dull conceptions and gross tastes.

No padlocks, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

An interesting Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man.

The Czar of Russia has the baggage of ladies visiting his empire examined by female inspectors.

When a lady and gentleman are well acquainted, politeness does not require the lady to speak first.

Why is a drunkard like a vain young lady? Because he is never satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Woman's body is like the pearl oyster; whether it be brilliant or rough, the pure white pearl within alone gives it value.

A young girl generally loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

A correspondent says the worst tyrant in the world is the woman who thinks she is superior to her husband, and lets everybody know it.

The young woman who used to sing so divinely, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove," is satisfied with a chicken leg now. She is married.

The golden everlasting chain described by Homer as reaching from heaven to earth, and embracing the whole moral world, was no fable. That chain is love.

A lady in the northern part of Herkimer county, N. Y., was so frightened at the appearance of a snake in her path, that her hair, which was a glossy black, turned to white.

One of the wise men who know everything declares that in the course of two or three generations American women will be taller than the men. They look down upon the men now.

Teacher—Now what is the meaning of the word chasm? Pupil—It is an opening, Teacher—Favor me with an example. Pupil—The milliners have a chasm at the beginning of the season.

A French woman has been horrified at discovering the skull of her husband's first wife, which he was keeping as a relic of the loved one gone before. This is an awful warning to those women who seem determined to let no widower alone.

He lives in the country, and he wanted to get married, but his remark was applicable even unto the youth of the city: "I can almost support myself now, and it must be a mighty poor sort of a woman that can't do the rest." Is there a father and mother who wish to take another boarder?

The Dumpy Duck.

A dumpy duckling, young and soft,
One morning left the sunny croft,
And waddled to a shady pond
That lay 'mid sedges out beyond
A row of silvery aspen trees,
Whose gray leaves rustled in the breeze.

She splashed, and dived, and diving caught
A little fish; who never thought
The topsy-turvy duck a sight
To give him any cause for fright.
Another time he'll be more wise,
Should ducky chance to lose her prize.

A prying frog now slowly rose,
And through the duck-weed poked his nose;
Then shouted to his friends, "Here's luck!
Let's come and tease this dumpy duck!"
When ducky reached the shore, her eyes
Grew big as saucers with surprise.

For all around her sat in rings
A swarm of yellow spotted things;
Whilst hundreds like them came to see
What the unusual joke might be;
And each frog asked with glassy stare,
"Pray who is this, with beak in air?"

Could any duckling's patience stand
The jeering of this froggy band?
No! surely not!—she screamed with rage,
"Insult a duckling of my age!
And make me thus a laughingstock
For gaping wide-mouthed frogs to mock?

"Go! vanish! dive! you croaking crew,
And let me see no more of you;
For if I do, you may be sure
You'll soon be part all water-cure:
I'll eat you up, so have a care,
And of a duckling's wrath beware!"

The frightened frogs swam off in haste
There plainly was no time to waste;
But one unlucky wight, half dead
With terror, sprang o'er ducky's head,
And on her back so broad and plump
Fell headlong with a sounding thump.

The jumping frog near lost his wits,
The duck was frightened into fits,
And cried with loud despairing quack,
"What monster is upon my back!"
Whilst froggy groaned with failing breath,
"I must be at the point of death."

Into the pond the duckling dashed
Head-over-heels, and wildly splashed,
Hoping thereby her load to drown;
Instead of which the frog slid down
And finding he had got no harm,
Grinned broadly at his false alarm.

When ducky found herself one more
Quite safe and sound upon the shore,
She felt with bitter grief and shame
How greatly she had been to blame,
And knew she owed her present plight
To giving way to causeless fright.

"Alas! I wish I'd borne in mind
The lessons of my mother kind,
Who taught me frogs were made as meat
For dainty ducks and drakes to eat,
I fear the cook will jeer and crow,
If he the story gets to know;

"I must not tell by word or mien
How great a coward I have been."
So, waddling homewards up the croft,
With wings outstretched, and crest aloft,
She tried to shake all trace away
Of what she had endured that day.

'Some silly little girls and boys
Shed tears, and make much foolish noise,
If nurse puts out the candle-light
When she has tucked them up at night;
But I resolve, whate'er's in store,
To cry before I'm hurt, no more."

"SO-SO."

"Be sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do just as you are told."

"Very well, mother."

"Or at any rate do what will do just as well," said the small house-dog, as he lay blinking at the fire.

"You darling!" cried little Joan, and she sat down on the hearth and hugged him. But he got up and shook himself, and moved three turns nearer the oven, to be out of the way; for though her arms were soft she had kept her doll in them, and that was made of wood, which hurts.

"What a dear, kind house-dog you are!" said little Joan, and she meant what she said, for it does feel nice to have the sharp edges of one's duty a little softened off for one.

He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice way of blinking with his eyes, which it was soothing to see. There had been a difficulty about his name. The name of the house-dog before Lim was Faithful, and well it became him as his tombstone testified. The one before that was called Wolf. He was very wild and ended his days on the gallows for worrying sheep. The house-dog never chased anything to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name, and she thought of several good ones, such as Faithful and Trusty and Keeper, which are fine, old-fashioned titles but none of these seemed quite perfectly to suit him. So he was called So-so, and a very nice soft name it is.

The widow was only a poor woman, though she contrived by her industry to keep a decent home together, and to get now one and now another little comfort for herself and child.

One day she was going out on business, and she called her little daughter and said to her, "I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not as strong as Faithful was. But when I go, shut the house-door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return. If strangers come So-so may come, which he can do as well as a bigger dog. Then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a cloak for myself against the winter, and if I get the work I am after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient till I return, and then we will have the plum cake for tea."

"Thank you, mother."

"Good-by, my child. Be sure you do just as I told you," said the widow.

"Very well, mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll, and shut the house door, and fastened the big bolt. It was very gloomy, and the kitchen looked dark and gloomy when she had done it.

"I wish mother had taken us all three with her, and had locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan, as she got into the rocking-chair to put her doll to sleep.

"Yes, it would have done just as well," So-so replied, as he stretched himself on the hearth.

By-and-by Joan grew tired of hushabying the doll, who looked none the sleepier for it, and she took the three-legged stool and sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she.

"So I have heard," said So-so. He was snuffing in the back-place, which was not usually aloud.

"And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

"You don't say so!" growled So-so. He had not found a bit, and the cake was on the top shelf. There was not so much as a crumb, though he snuffed in every corner of the kitchen, till he stood snuffing under the house door.

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house——"

"Just as well," said So-so.

Little Joan came to smell the air at the key-hole, and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh.

"It's not just exactly what mother told us to do," said little Joan, "but I do believe——"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

By-and-by little Joan unfastened the bar, and opened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the doorstep.

Not a stranger was to be seen. The sun shone delightfully. An evening sun, and not too hot. All day it had been ripening the corn in the field close by, and this glowed and waved in the gentle breeze.

"It does just as well, and better," said little Joan, "for if any one comes we can easily see him coming up the field-path."

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

Suddenly Joan jumped up.

"Oh!" cried she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him. I can't, because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes. Crake! crake! Oh, I can see him now! He is not flying, he is running, and he has gone into the corn. I do wish I were in the corn, I would get him and put him in a cage."

"I'll catch him," said So-so, and he put up his tail and started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house."

"You could scream and that would do just as well," replied So-so.

"No it wouldn't," cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," reiterated So so.

While they were bickering, an old woman came up to the door; she had a brown face, and black hair, and a very red old cloak.

"Good evening, my little dear," said she. Are you all at home this fine evening?"

"Only three of us," said Joan; "I and my doll and So-so. Mother has gone to town on business, and we are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to run after the bird that ran in the corn."

"Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" said the old woman.

"It was a very curious one," said Joan. "And I should like to go after it myself, but we both can't leave the house, you see."

"Dear! dear! Is there no neighbor would sit on the doorstep and keep the house till you just slip down the field after the bird?" said the old woman

"I am afraid not," said little Joan. "Old Martha, our neighbor, is now bedridden. Of course if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would do just as well."

"I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object for a few minutes, and sooner than that should lose the bird I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the cornfield."

"But can you bark if any one comes?" asked Joan. "For if you can't So-so will stay with you."

"I can call you and the dog if I see any one coming, and that will do just as well," said the old woman.

"So it will," replied little Joan, and off she ran to the cornfield, where, for that matter, So-so had run before her, and was bounding and barking among the wheat-stalks.

They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended and though So-so seemed to know more about hunting than was supposed.

"I daresay mother has come home," said little Joan, as they went back up the field-path. "I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house."

"It was taken care of," said So-so, and "that must do just as well."

When they reached the house, the widow had not come home.

But the old woman had gone, and she had taken the quilted petticoat and the cloak, and the plum cake from the top shelf away with her, and no more was heard of any of the lot.

* * * * * * *

"For the future, my child," said the widow "I hope you will do just as you are told, whatever So so may say."

"I will, mother," said little Joan. (And she did.) But the house dog sat and blinked. He dared not speak, he was in disgrace.

I do not feel quite sure about So-so. Wild dogs often amend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the Faithful sometimes fall; but when anyone begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be So-so to the end. So-sos so scarcely ever change.

But this one was very soft and nice, and he got no cake that tea-time. On the whole we will hope that he lived to be a Good Dog ever after.

WELL DRILLED SERVANTS.—After the peace of 1815, the Duke of Wellington took into his London household several of the veterans of his Peninsular Army, whose habits, being more in accordance with the battle fields of Spain than the saloons of Apsley House, were a source of unfailing amusement to the great general's fashionable visitors. One battered old fellow with one eye, who had figured conspicuously at Orthens and Toulouse, was installed in the gardening department, the Duke answering all doubts of his fitness by saying decisively, "Well, he's dug trenches in every vineyard of the south of France, and I should hope he ought to know something of gardening after that." Another veteran, who had been wounded at Waterloo, was under discussion one evening at dinner between the Duke and Lord Anglesea, when the subject of the discourse entered with the measured step of the parade ground, carrying a huge pie. "Now," said Anglesea, "let us try if the old boy remembers his facings," and turning suddenly round, he cried sharply, "Attention!" The old soldier instinctively dropped his hands, and with them the pie likewise, which exploded like a shell over the rich carpet in a shower of steaming gravy. The poor fellow's look of dismay at this catastrophe drew a smile from the Iron Duke himself.

Two Hundred Thousand Pounds.

BY L. A.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position that I found myself in through too free a use of that unruly member, the tongue. I was a young fellow then, clerk in a London bank. My father was an officer in the army, and he often told us boys that setting each of us up in some business or profession was all he could ever do for us, as the scanty pittance he would leave behind him must belong solely to my mother and sister. But my brother and I were energetic and hopeful. So long as each day brought us enough to satisfy our daily wants, we recked little of the future.

One bleak, cold January morning I was greatly surprised, on my arrival at the bank, to find my father pacing up and down before the building. I was not living at home just then, and his presence there made me fear lest something was wrong.

"Philip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three minutes?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, "for a wonder. I see I am ten minutes earlier than I need be. What is the matter?"

"Do not look so startled," he said. "Nothing is wrong. You know Mr. Fosberry?"

"Oh, you mean the half-cracked old man who is awfully rich, and is my godfather, as well as cousin thirty times removed?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him, after years of silence, in which he asks after you." And he read me the letter.

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "What does he mean?" for I did not exactly understand it.

"Mean!" cried my father, excitedly, snatching the letter from me, and crushing it into his pocket. "Mean!—why, to make you his heir, Philip—his heir!"

"Whew!" said I, blushing; "that's a good idea."

"You must apply for leave and go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron's hot. It's a splendid chance, Philip—splendid! Use it well, and your fortune is made."

So I thought, applied for leave, and set off for the Paddington Station soon after, with my ears ringing with a legion of instructions for pleasing old men, given me by my fellow-clerks. The only one I could clearly remember was, to rise whenever he came into the room, and then eschew every comfortable arm-chair for fear he should want it. I felt bursting with importance, and actually treated myself to a glass of hot whisky and water at the refreshment-room.

"Hollo, William!" suddenly cried a voice.

"Why, Jack, what brings you here?" I replied, recognising a friend, John Evans.

"I am going down to Gloucester," said he. "Where are you off to?"

"Oh, to such luck!" I cried. "I'm off beyond Hereford, to humor an old gentleman."

"What?" said Jack.

"Come along, and I'll tell you all about it," said I. "Second-class? Yes, all right. Here we are."

After we were settled in our places, an old man got in. He was poorly dressed, and wore a green shade over one eye, while his other looked weak and drooping. We grunted our strong disapproval at his entrance, and made mutual grimaces, but as his blind eye was towards us, they were doubtless lost on him. As the train moved off, I told Jack my story, which you know already.

"Well done, Philip! Your bread is buttered for you," he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end. "What a glorious chance! Man alive, I wish I were in your shoes, that's all."

"Yes, yes, my boy. All right!" I exclaimed. "Well, it's a shame if I don't secure a good smoke now, before the light of my pipe goes out in obscurity. Do you object to smoke, sir?"

This latter question was addressed to the old gentlemen in the corner, who appeared a curious mass of seedy old coats, railway rugs, and newspapers.

"I do object very much," was the gruffly spoken reply.

"Very sorry, sir," said I. "I'll keep my head out of the window, then."

Shame seizes me when I recall this incident. In lieu of attending to the old man's wishes, I coolly lit my pipe, and though I knew the wind would blow the smoke right into his eyes—though I heard him growling with rage—I puffed on heedlessly. I should be sorry to be so rude now, but you see I was young and very excited.

The short January afternoon was drawing to a close, and very soon after we were dependent for light on the lamp that hung from the centre of the carriage roof.

Whether it was the old man's example who had gone to sleep, or the monotonous noise of the train as it speeded along, or that our powers of chattering were exhausted, I know not, but anyhow we too began to feel inclined for a nap. But we found the lamp an intolerable nuisance, with its incessantly flickering light.

"Bother it! Can't we blow it out?" I exclaimed.

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried ever ready-witted Jack. "Hand me the old boy's hat."

"Whatever for?" I asked, as I handed him the article in question. It was worn and rusty, but well brushed and well shaped.

"To make an extinguisher of," replied Jack; and so saying, he fitted it on to the lamp, making the globe act like the bald head of the owner of the hat. It fitted to a nicety, and so tightly as to keep well in its place. The arrangement answered splendidly, and not a glimmer of light was to be seen.

When the train stopped at Swindon we awoke, and rushed out of the carriage to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow-passenger and his hat. On returning we found they had both flown. The train started, and when we arrived at Gloucester, Jack left me. I had a cold, lonely journey to my destination, a little station just below Hereford. When I arrived, it was nine o'clock; a dark, raw night; I was sleepy and tired. For some moments I could not find my portmanteau; then my hat-box was missing, and while I was searching, the guard was exclaiming about the delay of the train. At last it was all found, the guard whistled, the train moved off, and I was left standing on a little country platform, in a strange place.

"Any cabs or flys to be got here?" I asked the station-master.

"Dear me, no, sir," was the reply. "But we can get you something down in the town. Where is it to, sir?"

"I want to go to Mr. Fosberry's of Castle Hall," I replied.

I paced the wretched little station till the conveyance came, with my mind full of the coming meeting. I asked the driver how far we had to go.

"How far, sir?" said he. "Oh, about four miles."

I got in, and we bowled along the dark narrow lanes. After half an hour's drive, we entered some handsome iron gates, and drove into, what seemed to me now, in the dim light, a very extensive park. The whole aspect impressed me with the idea of a grand estate, and I questioned the driver on the subject.

"Indeed it is a big place, sir," he replied. "'Tis about fifteen miles round the estate. Eh, Mr. Fosberry's very rich. People do say he has two hundred thousand pounds to leave, if he's a penny, besides this property."

My driver jumped down and pulled the bell. The peal resounded through the house like the clang of a triumph. A footman in livery flung open the door, and I was admitted into a hall glowing with light and warmth, and then shown into a large, brilliantly-lighted drawing room.

Soon we were at the house. A moment later and the tall footman reappeared. He apologized for his master's non-appearance, and requested me to obey the instructions of a note which he handed me from a massive silver salver.

I tore it open, and read:—

"MR. PHILIP FOSBERRY WILLIAMS,—The next time you travel by rail, do not smoke nor annoy old gentlemen; do not make the infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing-stock; do not tell your friends of your great expectations; do not speak of your crack-brained relatives; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not be slangy, vulgar, and insulting to strangers; do not nourish vain hopes of inheriting me; and, finally, do not lose any time in leaving for ever the house of your old 'fireworks' of a fellow traveler.

"PHILIP FOSBERRY."

"P. S.—I enclose a £20 note to pay your expenses."

* * * * * *

How I got out of the house—how I got back to the station, and spent the night in a wretched inn—how I returned to town and told to my enraged relations my woful tale, wherein I played such a sorry part—how my abject letter of apology was returned unread—I cannot tell.

I only know old Fosberry died worth the £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarrelled with Jack Evans about it; nor have I ever spoken to him since.

A SCHOOL OF BEAUTY.—A London and official journal of high authority says that efforts are making by a number of women of prominence to form a "School of Beauty" in England, the members pledging themselves to do everything in their power to render themselves comely by natural means. Prizes are to be given to those who can move with ease and grace, and so furnish evidence of good health and physical unconstrainment. Something of this kind is needed here. Although American women have to a great extent, seen the folly and the ugliness of being and going thinly clad in cold weather, there are still many who think an absurdly small waist attractive, and any number that so pinch their feet that they cannot walk comfortably or becoming. They do these ridiculous things generally because they imagine that men admire them. If men have done so, they do so no longer. They prefer healthy and graceful women to invalid and awkward ones, as all women must be who cramp their waists, wear shoes too small, or dress in any way to interfere with their freedom and satisfaction. Nature and beauty are one. No woman can be beautiful who fetters or hinders nature. The more nearly she approaches the natural the closer she comes to loveliness. Women have heard this a thousand times, and accept it mentally. Yet, in their blind worship of false gods, they sacrifice themselves to infirmity and deformity. It is entirely incomprehensible to men that so many women will endure pain and incur disease from a mistaken notion of beauty.

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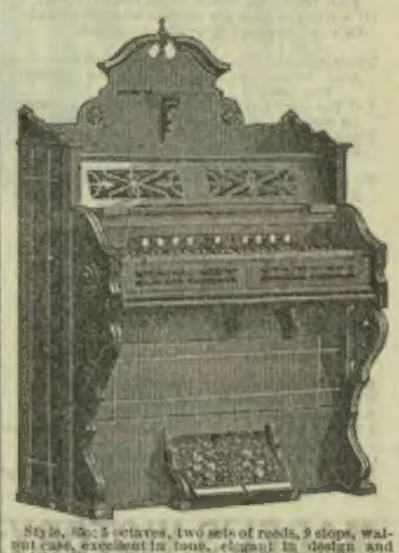

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Any one visiting the Grand Depot must be surprised at the enormous stock of

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Full selvedge Napkins, from $1 per dozen; 3¼ yards long Table Cloths, from $1.50 each; heavy and large-size Huck Towels, 22c. each.

40-inch Pillow Linen, 31c. per yard; 34-inch Unbleached Linen, 12½c. per yard; extra wide Swiss Towelling, 12½c. per yard.

Goods sent all over the United States.

Samples sent when written for.

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GRAND DEPOT, 13th ST., Phila.

OCTOBER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The leaves are dun, and the morning sun
Has a cynical smile, for summer's glory
Has faded away, but the earth repeats
In a 'cender lay its olden story
Of granges groaning with garnered grain,
And fruits all luscious in rosy bloom,
Of withered flowers on the wasted plain,
Of rime presaging a wintry gloom.

Though much we have lost from pitiless frost,
And winds grown chilly from changing weather,
Yet the fog that is lit has a radiant gleam
As we cheerily sit at the hearth together.
Then let us turn from the fading grass,
From the trees too soon grown old and sober,
To our friends' warm grasp, nor sigh alas,
But accept the good of this gray October.

OUTWARD OR HOMEWARD.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.
O wild hearts, that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.
O weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII—[CONTINUED.]

A light footstep was coming up the stairs—the lady guest, doubtless, going to her room.

He stood outside to let her pass, when a little startled cry made him look up to find himself face to face with Mabel Leslie.

For a moment he thought his senses must be leaving him, and that the white face, with its large, lustrous eyes, must be a delusion and not the face of his lost love, but she uttered his name in an accent of piteous entreaty, and in a moment he had clasped her to his heart and was covering her face with kisses.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured, "I thought I had lost you! Oh, maybe I have lost you. Why did you not write—why did you not answer my letter?"

She looked at him in bewildered amazement.

"Not answer it!" she said. "I did, and waited till I nearly died out of despair, for a line from you. I thought I had been too forward in what I said—that you were angry and spurned my poor love. It was all I had to give, Arthur!"

Mr. Montagu's words flashed into his mind, "Whatever her father is that girl's thorough!" and he read in the face she turned on him that they had been both duped.

There was no doubt of her truth now that her eyes looked into his.

She would have drawn herself from his embrace in the first moment of hurt dignity, but there is a freemasonry in gladness, and she, too, knew that the heart that beat against her own was as true as steel.

Arthur pushed open the door of his sitting room.

"Come in here, my darling," he said. "This room is mine, or was!"

"Yours!"

"Yes. Did you not know? I have been living here—that man's secretary—in such desolation of heart as I hope you may never know. Ah, my own Mabel, I cannot believe that you are really here again. I feel as though I was in some blissful dream, from which I should wake! But how did you come here, my darling? Are you the guest my aunt's room was being got ready for!"

"I suppose so. They have put me into it. I feel so out of place and unhappy there—at least, I did till I met you."

"And your father is the friend who is going to travel with Mr. Bellairs and show him the world!"

"Yes," she replied, her tears starting as she spoke, "and I am to go with them. Oh, Arthur, I cannot tell you all now, but I feel so pained, so humiliated. I have gone through so much out in India, and papa has angled for this ever since the news came of that awful will. I have wished many times that I could die and get out of it all. I thought you must be dead, Arthur, and that I should never see you again."

Very little explanation was needed between these two.

They both guessed to whom they were indebted for the long weeks of suspense they had passed, and Arthur secretly vowed he would pay Colonel Leslie some day right royally for the pain he had suffered.

The Colonel and Mr. Bellairs had much to say downstairs, and the two, thus strangely reunited, had time for a long talk. Before they parted Arthur had told Mabel how he came to be there, and all his hopes and fears about the lost letter.

"It is all over now, Mabel," he said. "There is no chance. I shall never be anything but a poor man."

"I feel as though I were a rich woman now I am with you again," she said, in loving reproach. "We shall not fear poverty together, Arthur!"

Once more he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My wife that is to be," he said. "That shall be, I think. We will not wait for leave, Queen Mab! Your father cannot unmarry us when once the thing is done, and with his new hopes and plans about Mr. Bellairs I do not think he will take you away from me when once you are mine."

"I do not think he will," said Mabel, with a sigh and a smile at the same time. "I have been so refractory lately that I fancy he will be glad to get rid of me!"

The door flew open as she spoke, and the Colonel strode in with a fierce look. He had been looking for his daughter, and it had been suggested that she might be with Mr. Dallas somewhere, whereupon he heard for the first time of Arthur's residence at Whiteladies.

He had been taking a good deal of wine and he chose to bluster and use all sorts of opprobrious epithets to his daughter and her lover.

They had planned the meeting. Arthur Dallas had set a trap for Mabel to damage her reputation, etc., to all which Arthur replied in a cool fashion that acted like oil on the fire of the angry man's wrath, and made him fiercer than ever.

"You cannot part us again," Colonel Leslie," he said. "Mabel will be my wife some day, with your consent, I hope, without it if necessary. As to planning this meeting, till an hour since I believed her still in India. For the future I have but to say good-bye to my master there and leave the house."

He had never spoken to Bellairs with anything but respect before, all the time he had served him, but his contempt for him had risen beyond control now, and he sent a sting into his words that made the man writhe as he heard them.

"Keep up your courage, my darling," he said to Mabel. "I do not think any one will try to stand between us again."

And pressing her to his breast, regardless of her father's presence, he bade her adieu, and went down with Bellairs to make a final settlement with him and quit Whiteladies, as he believed, for the last time.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

Colonel Leslie disappeared into his own room when Arthur Dallas came down with his host. He was a capital hand at blustering and angry words, but it may be that he did not feel quite easy in the young man's presence for all that, knowing well that the young people must have come to some sort of an explanation.

He never felt quite at ease with his daughter. Mabel obeyed him in everything but her determination to be true to Arthur Dallas, and she did her best to be a dutiful and affectionate daughter, but he knew full well the respect that should go with love was wanting, and that his pureminded child shrank from the daily duplicity of his shifty and scrambling life. He hoped that she had not been long enough in Arthur's company to tell him how he had pressed and pestered James Bellairs, both by letter and personally, till at length he won his way into the position with him which he now occupied.

But a great deal may be told in a very little time, and the two had managed to exchange confidences on many matters. Bellairs little guessed that his new friend's daughter knew of Arthur's suspicions and his hopeless search, and was prepared to watch his every movement and wait for his every word with sharper interest and more anxiety than a paid detective.

Mabel watched Arthur walk down the avenue as far as the light would let her with a heart more full of hope and joy than had been her portion since she saw him last. Whatever happened, he was true, and all the world and the troubles she might have to bear seemed nothing in prospect with that knowledge in her breast.

It seemed strange to her to lie down to sleep in Mrs. Dallas's room, and over-excitement and fatigue—for they had been travelling—made rest impossible, and she fell into a train of nervous thought that presently became a nervous horror, and sent all kinds of ghastly images whirling through her brain. She pictured the old lady lying there dead, till she sprang out of bed in an agony of fright, feeling as though the corpse must be there beside her.

"What shall I do?" she muttered. "I cannot sleep here. The room feels as though there were someone in it besides myself. I wonder if I could find my way to the housekeeper's room and get her to take me in. She seemed a nice motherly body, and I think she wouldn't mind."

In trying to turn the gas up she put it quite out, and left herself without the means of getting a light, for she could not find the matches.

"I shall die of fright," she muttered, and prepared to get into bed again and cover her head up in true feminine fashion, when a streak of light coming through the keyhole made her crouch back into her seat again, shivering with a vague terror.

She stared fascinated at the door, which opened noiselessly, and a tall, white figure bearing a light entered the room.

It was well for Mabel that terror took from her all power of reasoning. Had she alarmed the house by her cries, the mystery of the ghost would have been solved in a different fashion from that which actually came about, and she and Arthur might have been parted for many a long year.

She clung to her chair in shuddering terror, staring blankly at the apparition which came slowly towards her as she sat.

Short as her stay had been in the house, she had caught a whisper anent her being put into the ghost's room, and had laughed to herself at the idea of such nonsense; but now as she saw this moving figure she began to think that there must be some truth in the story. Could it be possible that the dead mistress of Whiteladies was uneasy in the spirit world, and came back to see how things went in the place she had left?

The thought crossed Mabel's mind for a moment, but only for a moment, for as her strange visitor moved a board creaked. All thought of anything supernatural vanished in a moment—ghosts could have no weight—and the girl's heart began to beat wildly with a new and more defined fear, for now that the glamor was gone she saw that it was Bellairs.

The room was a good way from anyone else's, and she was alone. He was a big, powerful man, with no refinement of feeling whatever.

What should she do? He did not appear to see her as yet, but was moving about with no apparent purpose, and looking at him she divined that he was asleep.

This accounted for the ghost stories. If he was given to take these nightly prowls, no wonder he was supposed to be a spirit. She must be as still as possible and not wake him. He went to the escritoire—which stood just where Mrs. Dallas was accustomed to have it—and paused, setting down his light on the top of it.

"No, not there," he muttered, shaking his head. "He may look there again!"

He drew a parcel from his breast and seemed to look at it, and Mabel rose cautiously from her seat. It was done up in brown paper and sealed, and she could see that there was no writing on it. He came very close to where she was standing, holding it out as it seemed to her, and with a very gentle touch she laid hold of it.

To her utter astonishment he let it go immediately, saying, "Yes, to you—to you;" and then, taking up the lamp he went slowly and soicelessly away. To shut the door after him and drag something across it was the work of a moment, and Mabel buried her head in the bedclothes and struggled with a fit of hysterics till she had fought it out unheard.

The key of the room door had unaccountably gone a-missing, and the housemaid had shown her how to slip the bolt, but she had a very natural prejudice against locked doors at night, and had left it unfastened. Never again, she vowed to herself, would she sleep in the same house with Mr. James Bellairs without making herself secure from his nocturnal visits.

She waited patiently for the daylight, which came early this bright spring weather, and eagerly examined the packet which had so strangely come into her possession.

Inside the brown paper was another sealed packet—a large blue envelope, sealed with Mrs. Dallas's own signet, bearing the family arms, and directed:

"To my dear nephew, Arthur Dallas. To be delivered to him by my good friend, Wilfred Montagu, one month after my will is read."

The missing letter! Arthur was right, then, after all, and Bellairs had not destroyed it. What should she do? She must get away, and alone, during the day, and place it in the lawyer's hands. Some excuse would present itself, doubtless, but now that her father had surprised Arthur with her, and knew that his practices to separate them had been of no avail, she felt that she should be watched. She must know nothing, and carry a calm face and avert suspicion in the best way she could.

She found her missing matches and carefully burnt the brown paper, string, and seals of the outer parcel, noiselessly opening the window and scattering the ashes to the wind when she had done it. The housemaids must find nothing unusual in her room when they came to tidy it in the morning.

Then she dressed herself carefully in a fresh morning toilette, trusting to a plentiful use of cold water to efface all the traces of her sleepless and agitated night, and waited with what patience she might for it to be late enough for her to go downstairs.

The housemaid came early to her room to help her to dress, and looked astonished at finding her already up.

"I am used to waiting on myself, thank you," she said, "and to getting up early, too. I hope I hav'n't disturbed anyone with moving about."

"Oh, no, miss. I hope you slept well."

"Quite, thank you! Why?"

Mabel hoped her face might not betray her while she uttered the fib, but the girl was too intent on something she was longing to divulge to notice her tone or looks.

"Because, miss, we were fearful you might have been disturbed. Did you see nothing in the night, miss?"

"See anything! Why, what would I see?"

"The—the ghost!"

"A ghost! You don't mean to say there is a ghost here?"

"Oh, yes, miss! And it was seen again last night. It came right along the passage to this room."

"Dear me," said Mabel, with apparent unconcern, "how very disagreeable. I saw no ghost. I don't believe in such things. It must have been fancy, or a mistake somehow."

The girl shook her head and pursed up her red lips.

"No, it wasn't, miss. It has been seen too often for that. But I'm very glad it didn't wake you. Cook saw it come right into this room."

Mabel went down with the precious packet concealed safely in her dress, and found her father and their host talking earnestly.

Mr. Bellairs seemed much disturbed, and Colonel Leslie was endeavoring to soothe and console him.

"Why, Mab, you look as fresh as a daisy!" her father said. "You hav'n't been disturbed, I suppose?"

"No; but I have been hearing a ghost story this morning. I didn't know Whiteladies had a ghost, Mr. Bellairs."

"Nor I till lately," Bellairs replied, with a shiver. "The servants have been making a talk about seeing something lately, but I never believed it till now. Mr. Dallas took the trouble to watch two or three times, but nothing came of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

Although the subject of materials has been before us for several discussions; it comes up each time with fresh subjects for our admiration.

The woolen materials are charming in texture as well as colors, the latter so delicately interwoven as to be difficult to describe.

With the plain colored materials there is some harmoniously tinted broche or figured material to form the necessary combination, for they all suggest that style of arrangement. The corduroys are all wool; with narrow raised ribs running in horizontal instead of upright lines, and are particularly noticeable for their being especially adapted for Winter costumes.

The materials for vestings are conspicuous for their beauty. Embossed velvet in all the dark tints are shown in great variety by Mr. Wanamaker at $2 a yard.

I have already alluded to his variety of silk and wool broches for overdresses, or the trimmings of a plain material, so I will add to the list the silk Pompadour broches, which are used for overdresses with skirts of a plain color. The brocades are with grounds of dark bronze, blue, green, and prune, covered by a delicate floral design in trailing vines and small flowers in blue, rose, and and gold tints. These are $3.50 a yard.

For evening wear a material is shown with alternate stripes of gauze and silk in cream and black or blue and black. The black stripes have a small brocade design of flowers through the centre. The brocade or floriated design is carried out in many grades of goods, as I stated in my last, so that quite a rich effect is produced in cheap fabrics. Even the chintz of dark, solid, colored grounds have a small design of flowers and leaves in bouquets, or vines, over the surface, instead of the small set figures so long popular.

In silks, watered ones have appeared among the aspirants for popularity, and satins; the latter have a variety shotted with another tint.

As a rule, dresses for street wear will be made with extreme simplicity, and the magnificence of one's toilette is reserved for house wear, when full scope is given to the use of the profusion of embroidery, lace, fringes, and ornaments, which make up the modern costume of fashion.

For wedding dresses there are white velvet brocades on satin grounds of the richest quality. The velvet flowers are of deep mossy pile suggesting white moss roses. For evening wear white satin is brocaded with small designs, such as pink roses; small ostrich plumes or pale blue palm leaves.

As a type of the prevailing style, a costume recently finished was of pale blue silk, trimmed with narrow pleatings turned up and down, but *over* which was a ruffle box pleated in the centre. The overskirt consisted of three blue tulle scarfs, each one edged with lace, and caught at the sides with loops and ends of pink, yellow, and blue satin ribbon. The bodice is in the Louis XV. style, and is of blue satin, brocaded with flowers in different colors. It is open below the waist, and is double-breasted above, buttoning with very large crystal buttons, and opens V shape at the neck, where it turns back with revers of pink satin edged with lace. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with pink satin revers and frills of lace.

The trains will be very long and tied low down, falling with square corners, instead of round. The silks for lower skirts have inch wide satin stripes, or of self-color, or tints to match the brocaded ground.

Flowers will be used in profusion, forming thick panels at the side, or a wide rich border outlining the train. Narrow satin ribbon in various colors is used in loops down the seams, or mingled with flowers, forming a fringe like trimming. But even with the aforesaid statement of the extreme length of the trains for ball dresses, there is behind it an approaching rumor which foretells the shortening of evening dresses, but time will prove the truth of it later in the season.

For the present, however, we are more especially interested in costumes for every day wear, and materials, and for this the most popular type is the short one; white in materials, select what is becoming and it will be a success.

The short coat is the prominent feature of the present style of dress, and it may be made of either the plain material which forms the dress, or it may be of the figured material which trims the dress.

The long vest which is worn with these coats is not the least important by any means. It extends in many instances quite half-way down the skirt, and great originality is evinced in it being of material and colors which harmonize as well with the coat, or "cassaquine," as with the rest of the dress.

For costumes of extreme simplicity, Mr Wanamaker exhibits a variety at very moderate prices, made of all-wool camel's hair or the cashmere foule, and others of the small tartan plaids, in dark blues and greens, with dashes of red, which are made in the following style:

Short skirt with one kilted flounce; plain overskirt, stitched on the edge, draped full across the front, and looped full in the back, falling in a shawl-like point over plain, flat, pleated breadths; coat bodice with revers in front, pockets on the side, the back terminating in two small pointed tabs falling over a double box pleated piece, which is fastened on the sides of the basque with rows of buttons. These are useful, durable dresses, and are marked in prices from $18 up to $24.

Small close-fitting jackets of almond-colored ribbed velvet, corduroy, and embossed velvet will be worn in the Winter.

House jackets and morning robes are lined with silks of bright colors; many of the latter are made of cashmere, with long, half-fitting cassaque and skirt, on which is one pleating of the same material, surmounted by white embroidery or imitation lace. A row of insertion, with wide edging each side, trims the cassaque; to which may be added a little cape edged with lace.

Another pretty style of house dress may be of cashmere, with one pleating on the skirt; the overskirt is long and draped on the sides and back; the bottom is trimmed with white embroidery, turned up from the edge. A half-fitting basque is trimmed on the edge in the same style, and the body simulates a small pointed fichu.

Capes are so universally worn, that old pictures, as well as fertile brains and deft fingers, are called into requisition to produce something effective. Prominent among these is the Olivia cap, the exact counterpart of that worn by Olivia in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is made of muslin, with black velvet bows, two deep frills of plaited muslin, narrowing in the centre over the face, and forming, as it were, two scallops at the side. The d'Oyley cap has a circular crown, embroidered and applique in colors, like a vertable d'Oyley bordered with lace, and finished off with bows.

Ragusa point still continues the favorite lace. Many crowns of caps are made of it over cream silk or satin. Gold and jet are successfully blended in most caps, and lace made of gold thread is also used.

Velours ciselé of several shades forms the crowns of some of the Capote caps. On these, as on collarettes and scarves for the throat, appear some of the many leaflet brooches of paste brilliants, which dispute the palm of fashion with reptile lizards, etc., so popular during the last season.

Everything that is picturesque seems to be appreciated nowadays, and, not content with borrowing our hats from the Gainsborough type, our silks from the Louis XV. and XVI. periods, the belles of the present day, are adopting the veritable Tudor coif, which we mostly associate with Marie Stuart—viz., a cap of velvet, pleated at the back, pointed in front, and outlined with pearl. Among other becoming accessories are the Beefeater ruffles, viz., a close pleated ruff of lace, to which a deep fall of kilt-pleated lace is attached; ruffs of white, bordered with a gold or silver cord; new Chiswick collar in linen, which turns down and is fastened in front with three buttons. To be in fashion, it is scarcely possible to muffle the throat too much.

In fans, the Peacock is the newest, but, like most new things of to-day, is but a revival. It recalls the shape and form adopted by the Venetian dames in the mediæval days of costly dressing; being circular, with a looking glass in the centre, and long handle.

The new imitation laces are very attractive, and so pretty in design and quality, and so generally used for trimming as well as for neck wear, one forgets they are not real. The Breton lace, or imitation Alencon, is one of the most popular. I may also mention the imitation Malines, with a straight edge. Both of these are used to trim ties, jabots and small fichus, and also sewed in the necks and sleeves of dresses.

Narrow Torchon lace, in black or white, has a shell-like edge of gilt, and is used with pretty effect on scarfs, fichus, etc.

In mourning goods I notice at Mr. Wanamaker's the usual assortment of armures, matelasses, and Henrietta cloths, which latter has taken a great deal of the old popularity of bombazine for deep mourning. It is more durable in color as well as texture, and makes up with a more pleasing effect. Among the new goods are the Cashmere foule, and fine and coarse diagonal serges, while Mr. Wanamaker shows in great variety. They are double width, 45 inches, and cost from 81 a yard up, and will prove a popular addition to the list of mourning goods. The Cashmere foule, or India cashmere, resembles camel's hair in having a soft fleecy surface, and will also be a favorite. These are 75 cents a yard and upwards, and are double width.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Autumn Leaves and Their Preservation.—As soon as the trees begin to change their colors, begin making collections of all the various colors and shades of colors, as the leaves gathered early always retain their color the longest. Gather as large a supply as possible, as it is always desirable to have a large number and good variety to select from.

Old books are the best receptacle for drying; old files of newspapers or magazines are convenient, for "blankbook" paper is too stiff to answer well, although it can be used if necessary.

Commence placing the leaves at the back part of the book, laying each one smoothly, and never allowing them to touch each other, nor placing too many on one page; turn five or six pages upon these, and place another layer; continuing this until the book is full. Then leave them in a cool, dry place, under a heavy weight, for twenty-four hours or until the following day, when remove the leaves to dry books or papers, and again place under pressure as before. This change is made three times in all, and after the last they remain in press several days, when they will be found in fine condition to arrange.

Changing them so frequently during the pressing prevents the moisture absorbed by the paper from decaying the leaf and destroying its brilliant tint.

After the pressing process is completed, procure some cake-wax, such as is used for "fruit moulding," put it in a vessel and set that in a pan of water on the fire; when melted add a few drops of turpentine or fir balsam in order to render the wax pliable, by which means the leaves can be bent into any form desired.

If the wax is in the proper condition the process may be continued, and this is best ascertained by dipping a leaf and drawing it over the edge of the pan upon both sides, holding it up by the stem with the face up horizontally, when, if the wax is of a right temperature, the leaf will appear as if newly varnished; if too hot, it will shrivel; if too cold, will dry in lumps, and present a dull, rough appearance.

When the wax is made of proper temperature, by more or less heat, proceed to dip the leaves one by one, or spray by spray, and holding each until slightly cool, then place upon newspapers to harden slightly. These will present the natural appearance of the leaf, but if a glossy surface is desired for any of them they may receive a thin coating of Demar varnish applied with a camel's hair brush.

A pretty way of arranging single leaves into bouquets is to use green thread wire, which is cut into pieces as long as you wish to have the stems; break the stem nearly off the leaf, then pass the end of the wire through the bottom of the leaf, draw it through about an inch, then bend it down, and twist around the remaining stem left on the leaf and the long wire, so as to hold the leaf firmly.

After the leaves are fixed, arrange them in bouquets with a few pressed ferns, for small vases; for larger vases use large sprays of leaves, sumac, and ferns, mix a few dried or crystalized grasses and grain, black alder, black brier, and bitter-sweet berries and the effect is very satisfactory.

Small clusters of autumn leaves and ferns are used to decorate picture cords; a butterfly on a cluster of ferns is very pretty; a corner bracket draped with Spanish moss may be filled with autumn leaves and a few butterflies here and there; or the moss is hung over pictures, drooping in long tendrils each side, and autumn leaves and small ferns here and there.

Another pretty ornament is made of sticks about twelve inches long; three are used by crossing them to form a rustic stand, which is covered with the gray moss and a few berries and leaves; set a bird's nest in the bottom between the sticks and place a pretty stuffed bird on the nest.

To make anchors, crosses, stars, wreaths, or shields, cut the forms out of cardboard or pasteboard and sew autumn leaves and ferns on, covering the board entirely.

Still another pretty style of arrangement is to take a piece of Bristol board seven by nine inches and arrange a group of leaves and ferns upon it by sewing them on neatly so as to conceal the stitches with the leaves, and finish at the bottom with a spray of tiny leaves; frame this in a passepartout frame, and the effect is very pleasing.

Another favorite way is to take a sheet of Bristol board and cover with black velveteen, get a small brown basket, such as are used for wax flowers and fruit, cut this in half and glue it on the velveteen, and fill with the brightest tinted leaves, sumac, ferns, grasses, and berries; take a few small vines, such as ground pine or others found in the woods, like partridge vine with berries, preserve them, then twine them around the handle of the basket, and drape others over the sides.

A very pretty effect is produced by ornamenting a black walnut or imitation ebony cross, with carved base and fourteen inches high, then use the smallest leaves, with green thread wire three-quarters of a yard long for the formation of the wreath; then take pieces of wire one and a half inches long for stems to the leaves, and arrange them on the wire as formerly described; when ready, commence by fastening moss on one end of the long wire, then arrange the leaves so that each conceals where one is fastened. Mingle a few berries and moss here and there, and then twine the wreath around the cross; at the base arrange moss, berries and leaves.

Mosaic Designs in Colored Wood.—Beautiful table-tops, panels for cabinet and bookcase doors, etc., may be made by marking off any mosaic or geometrical pattern decided upon, and staining the blocks with various wood dyes. The best wood for this purpose is well-seasoned pine. Charming little tables are made for a comparative trifle, which when finished will look as if they might have cost a considerable sum, premising that the legs and rails of these little articles are to be stained in imitation of ebony, oak, walnut, or rosewood, or ornamented with lines of color.

We will give directions for making the various stains to be used for this purpose. Each one must be put on with a separate brush of small size, in order to touch all the fine lines, and not encroach beyond the edge.

To Stain Wood a Golden Yellow.—Put one-quarter oz. of powdered tumeric with 5 oz. of rectified spirits of wine (alcohol) in a stoppered bottle, allow it to stand for about a week in a warm place, during which time it must be occasionally shaken; then filter the clear solution. When this fluid is painted over the surface of new pine wood it produces a deep yellow stain. If the color is deeper than desired, it may be made lighter by the addition of more spirits of wine to the tincture.

Purple.—In one quart of soft (rain) water boil 1oz. of logwood chips and 2drs. of Brazil wood till the fluid is reduced to a pint, then strain. In another bottle dissolve 1dr. of pearl ash in one pint of water. Use the colored wash first, and when dry, apply the clear wash, doing this repeatedly, until the desired shade is secured.

Red.—To one quart of water put 2oz. of potash and 2oz. of Brazil wood; let them stand in a warm place for several days, stirring occasionally. Make boiling hot, and apply thus, repeating the coats till sufficiently deep in tone. Double the quantity of potash will produce a brilliant rose color that is truly lovely.

Orange Color.—To a pint of alcohol put 1 oz. of tumeric and 1dr. of gum-tragacanth, shake well, and allow to stand for four days; then strain.

Mahogany.—In a quart of water boil 1½oz. of extract of logwood and 2oz. of fustic, brush the wood with this, then go over with a weak solution of potash. This makes a dark old mahogany.

For new mahogany take 2oz. of madder, instead of the logwood.

Black.—In a quart of water dissolve a box of extract of logwood, wash the wood with this, using a piece of sponge fastened on a handle. When dry, paint with vinegar in which a quantity of very rusty iron has been steeping for two days.

Black Walnut.—Scald a quarter of a pound of burnt umber in one pint of vinegar or beer, and strain. Apply with a sponge or soft brush, and when dry rub hard, and repeat the staining until sufficiently dark.

In using the above receipts it should be remembered that the wood must be dried after each successive application of the stain, and they should be applied hot.

Dye woods must be rasped into fine shreds. After staining, rub the wood oil with a soft pad; then give a coat of varnish, made as follows:

In a wide-mouthed quart jar put one pint of spirits of wine, 1½oz. of gum benzoin, 2 oz. of lacquer, half a dram of gum camphor, quarter of a dram of sandarac, and quarter of a dram of dragon's blood. Tie a piece of rubber cloth over the top of the jar, first piercing it with a few holes, and set it in a warm place until entirely dissolved, shaking it several times each day. When dissolved, allow to cool, and then strain and bottle, keeping tightly corked. Give a coat of this, and dry completely; then with a wet flannel and powdered pumice stone gently rub with the grain of the wood, until smooth to the touch. Wash quite clean, dry, and revarnish; dry, and again polish; repeating this until a perfectly glassy surface, hard and smooth as a mirror, is obtained.

I sent an inquiry a while ago to the "Fireside Chat" for a recipe for ice cream and how to make cardboard ornaments, which appeared, and "Old Subscriber" said if I would write again, stating what kind of ornaments I wanted she would be delighted to help me, and I wrote and have received no answer; and now I write again. The kind of ornaments I want are, card-receivers, letter-receivers, match-scratchers, etc.—*Heather Bell.*

The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, the Czar's nephew, has been dismissed from the army, and the Eighty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, of which he was the honorary chief, has been forbidden to bear his name.

A Boston young man married against the wishes of his parents, and in telling his friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I am dead, and gently work up to the climax."

Father Brophy, of Boone, Iowa, who is over 100 years old, recently felt called upon to chastise a neighbor with whom he had an altercation, and trounced his opponent very soundly.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

LYDIA (St. Louis, Mo.)—See answer to "Double House."

J. B. (Phila., Pa.)—We do not remember any poem suitable for the purpose you mention.

T. P. (Morrison, Wis.)—Tin-foil is a metal with which tea chests, caddies, &c., are lined to keep out the damp.

S. M. G. (Morris Cap, Tenn.)—Nothing more is necessary than to address your letter "American Bible Society, Seventh and Walnut streets, Phila., Pa."

M. B. (Fairfield, Conn.)—Playing a wind instrument is not injurious to the lungs of a sound constitution; but it may be to a person whose chest is naturally weak.

AMATEUR (Wake, N. C.)—Authors do not always punctuate their manuscript; but it is much better that they should do so and thereby save the printers a great deal of trouble.

JAMES (Caroline, Va.)—The words "warm" and "hot" do not express the same meaning. The former expressing only a moderate degree of heat and the latter a great degree.

HELPLESS (Morrison, Miss.)—It is usual when an engagement is broken off between a lady and gentleman, to return all presents and letters that may have been exchanged between them.

PERPLEXED (Lamoille, Vt.)—Woodbine and honeysuckle are both names for the same plant. The woodbine or bindweed is a climber, with a large white flower not unlike the convolvulus.

C. O. D. (Liberty, Ga.)—At seventeen you are entirely too young to get married, wait until you are at least twenty-one, and your chances of permanent happiness in the wedded state will be much increased.

MIDDLEMAN (Phila., Pa.)—Nothing can be better or safer than the use of lamar cork for the purpose described; all chemical preparations for a similar object are hurtful to the skin and besides dangerous.

JOHN (Luzerne, Pa.)—You are well rid of a vulgar and trifling sweetheart. Pass her by, of course, and ask for the return of that engagement ring. You will get over your love for her, and find a girl who is better entitled to your affections.

M. E. T. (Townsend Centre, Mass.)—We believe that the concern you speak of in Cincinnati is a fraud. It was shown up by the papers some time since. Your letter was no doubt returned to you by the post-office authorities there for that very reason.

G. C. (Clinton, O.)—A knowledge of the etiquette of society can only be acquired by experience. Formalities may be learnt from books, but the spirit, the ease and freedom, must come through the medium of familiarity with the manners and customs of the world.

RESTICUS (Monmouth, N. J.)—We firmly believe that at all times moral suasion is to be preferred to corporal punishment. In the case of girls, punishment of them is injudicious in the highest degree. It is degrading also in the extreme, and ought, we think, never to be resorted to.

W. X. (Washington, Pa.)—Courtship is a necessary preliminary of marriage, but becomes rather irksome to both parties when unreasonably protracted. It affords lovers opportunities for judging each other's tempers, characters, habits, &c., and thus by comparing notes enables them to determine whether they are suited to pass through life happily together.

O. A. (Saratoga, N. Y.)—When a man enters into a marriage engagement it is optional with himself and the lady to make the fact known or to keep it a secret. If by your "friends and relatives" you mean your parents, and if you are under age and living at home, you would be acting disrespectful to them to enter into such an engagement without their knowledge or consent.

B. A. (Shelby, Ind.)—The Rosicrucians were a secret society whose existence first became known in the seventeenth century. The founder was Christian Rosenkreutz, (or Rosencrux, as he preferred to style himself), the name meaning "Red or Rose Cross." Their system of philosophy is not well known; but certain it is that they pretended to supernatural powers, which no human being ever possessed.

MONROE (Kent, Del.)—It is better for all the members of a family to seek their amusement and recreation home and together, than to roam abroad for it separately. Simple and innocent games can be enjoyed together in the family circle, books can be read and discussed, and the hopes and fortunes of the family considered, in many different, interesting and satisfactory ways.

W. P. W. (Remington, Fla.)—Cobalt is a metal always found in the natural state in conjunction with some ore of nickel. It is very much similar to that metal in its chemical and physical qualities. It is used quite extensively in the arts, and is on that account a remarkably valuable product. Your other question we are at present unable to answer, but will do so as soon as possible.

NERVOUS (Berks, Pa.)—It is impossible to surmise from what cause you are troubled with the cough and shortness of breath, and we will not, therefore, take it upon us to advise in so serious a matter as to whether you should seek another climate. If your own medical attendant will not give you any positive information on the nature of your complaint, you should consult another.

YORKE (Phila., Pa.)—No matter what name it bears it is a poll-tax, or tax on the individual. The poll-tax was first levied in England A. D. 1378. The rebellion of Wat Tyler sprang from this impost in 1381. It was again levied in 1513. In the time of Charles the Second every subject was assessed by the head—namely, a duke, $500; a marquis, $400; a baronet, $300; a knight, $100; an esquire $50, and every single, private person, 1s. This grievous impost was abolished there by William III. at the period of the Revolution, but in a modified form it still exists there.

E. D. (Catawba, N. C.)—When a man inadvertently hurts the feelings of a lady, or unintentionally does something which offends her, all that he can do to make amends is to explain his conduct and apologize for the unwilling offence. He is not to be treated as though he had committed a crime for an unpardonable sin; nor should a lady ever attempt to make too much out of a small matter, lest it give censorious persons an opportunity to account her delicacy artificial, and her indignation merely simulated.

A. J. (Chester, Pa.)—It may be that it would be better for a married man to tell his wife of his intention to join a secret society, such as the Odd Fellows or Masons; but if he should omit to tell her of his intention before joining the society, it would be exceedingly indiscreet in her to make a fuss about it, and annoy him with charges of deception, lack of confidence in her, &c. Many a husband has been estranged from his home by such foolish conduct on the part of his wife.

DOUBLE HOUSE (Wheeling, Va.)—There is such a thing as a "double house," although the term is variously applied. It is sometimes used to designate a large house with a central door, hallway, and parlors on each side. It also refers to houses where there is a door in common and central landings on each floor, the rooms on each side being similar to each other, but occupied by different families. Frequently the houses are knocked into one by the removal of partition-walls, and this is likewise termed "double house."

SCOTTY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Matthew Lock has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being the composer of the "Macbeth" music—a distinction to which he has not the slightest claim. This music is the composition of Richard Leveridge, and was performed for the first time on the 25th of January, 1702. Lock's music, composed in the reign of Charles II., is entirely different. The recalled "Macbeth" music is indignity of great merit; but anything like assimilation at its dramatic effect and abundance of melody ceases on ascertaining the date of its composition.

W. T. P. (Kings, Can.)—As a question of strict morality it would be wrong for the person supporting the opposition to seek to oust the adverse side of the administration holding the superior position, as he would thereby purposely act detrimental to another's interest; but as a matter of custom, which on this side of the line at least rules these matters, there would seem nothing very improper or blamable in such a step. As an enemy of the successful party, according to the code of political ethics, he can expect no consideration at their hands, and therefore you would hardly be doing him an injury to try for the place which he at likelihood is not to you, will be given to some other one of your side.

IMPATIENCE (Greenough, Ill.)—Since you love the young man so earnestly and are loved ardently in return, while all outward circumstances are unusually propitious with the single exception of your family's approval, we would advise you by all means to marry the choice of your heart. It is more than probable that seeing how little reason they have to be dissatisfied, your folks will soon be only too willing to give their approval and blessing. You have given many good reasons why you should accept your present suitor, and not one that should be of any considerable weight against it. Marry him by all means and be happy in pleasing yourself—for you are old enough to judge of what is correct, and write like a sensible woman—rather than live unhappy in trying to please and suit the whims of others.

DALLAS (Anson, N. C.)—In England it does. But birth does not recommend persons to great offices in Turkey; merit and abilities may exalt the cottager to the highest office in the empire. The Turks do not think that blood can convey either the same faculties of the mind, or the same moral qualities, from the ancestor to his successors; but they believe that virtue, wisdom, courage and riches—in short, every distribution of gifts and talents and all the different ranks and orders of men—are decreed and allotted by the supreme Being to the different individuals of society, without any regard to particular families; so that even the descendants of the Prophet, who are very numerous, generally remain in the lowest and most abject state, enjoying only some trifling privileges which can never influence their fortune.

ANGIE (Springdale, Mich.)—Let the individual members of the projected Reading Circle contribute such books and papers for the general use as they are able. Subscribe to such journals as you desire, send to the publishing houses for catalogues of their works, and make selections of those you think most interesting. There should be a regular small contribution from the members, weekly or monthly, and this together with fines for keeping a book out longer than a certain time, returning it in bad order, etc., will furnish the necessary funds. Have a meeting of the members, and let a president, secretary and treasurer be chosen by vote. One person for that matter might very easily combine all in one, if the society is not large. The president is supposed to maintain order, and see that the meetings are all properly conducted. The secretary will reduce to writing all the business pertaining to the society transacted at the meetings. The treasurer attends to receiving and disbursing the money of the society for such purposes as may be determined upon. For a very small sum you can purchase at almost any bookstore a work that will give you all the necessary information for the organization and government of societies, similar to yours, small or large. 2. "Nettie" is a pet diminutive of the name Ellen, which is from the Greek, and means a "helper." 3. Your writing is not yet formed, but it promises to develop into a very pretty hand.